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JANUARY 4, 1919

IRELAND'S RECORD IN THE WAR

BY R. L.

IRELAND'S record in the war has been, from the point of view of the Allies, magnificent. The magnificence of the Irish contribution to the cause of freedom has been only less amazing than the flood of calumny and belittlement that has been consistently poured on it ever since August, 1914. Ireland has made a greater voluntary contribution of men to the Allied forces than any other unfree nation in the world. That is the leading fact of the situation. Sir Charles Russell, speaking at a Red Cross meeting at Dublin a few weeks ago, declared that Ireland had given 250,000 men to the British army and navy; and this leaves altogether out of account the equally large number of Irishmen who have taken part in the war in the Australian, Canadian, and American armies. If these are added in, we need not hesitate to accept Mr. John Redmond's estimate that 500,000 Irishmen have fought in the ranks of the Allies for the liberty of the world. At the same time, as was shown in the *New Statesman* some time ago, Ireland has been second only to America itself in the supplies of food she has sent to England during the perilous years of the war. Had it not been for the assistance rendered by Ireland, both in men and foodstuffs, it is doubtful whether the Allies would yet have been able to force Germany to submission. This is not to claim that Ireland has done more than any other country. It is to claim merely that she was a necessary link in the great chain of the Allied success. He would be a knave and a fool who would attempt to disparage the sacrifices of France and England, of tortured Belgium and tortured Serbia. He would be equally a knave and fool, however, who, having accepted the services of half a million Irish soldiers and sailors, would pretend that Ireland has not made an immense and foreseeable contribution to the victory of the Allies, and who would reward the Irish dead with a weak sneer about the abundance of butter in Ireland in war-time.

It may be asked why, these things being so, has the average Englishman been allowed to get the idea that Ireland has stood aside and sulked during the war. Some people think that the insurrection of 1916 is chiefly to blame. Well, there were not enough Irishmen in the Dublin insurrection of 1916 to make up even one battalion of the Irish

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Guards. One was told at the time that the Dublin insurgents numbered about a thousand. One has learned since then that they were hardly more than six hundred. Clearly, if Ireland's freedom is to depend upon whether her services to the Allies have outweighed her disservices, she has earned her freedom about a thousand times over. For every Irishman who shouldered a rifle on the insurgent side, a thousand Irishmen have borne weapons on the side of the Allies. I doubt if one Englishman in a hundred thousand realizes this. If they did, they would insist on seeing that their Irish Allies had a free Parliament restored to them before the Peace Conference sits. Never was the need of a national government proved more completely. Had Ireland possessed a national government during the war, she would have had an organ for making known her services to the civilized world. Canada, Australia, and South Africa have but to speak of what they have done, and all the world listens. The *Times*, and the press in general, pay deference to them as free nations that command respect. South Africa has not contributed nearly so many men to the Allied armies as Ireland has done, but, luckily for herself, South Africa is free, and even her most malignant enemy of the old days dares not criticize her gift. She too, like Ireland, had a small insurrection; but, even after this, she escaped calumny. She, too, has been divided in opinion as to the war — far more so, indeed, than Ireland was before the malevolence of the anti-Irish authorities had had time to destroy the people's enthusiasm for Belgium. 'It is an unfortunate fact,' said Mr. Merriman in the early part of the present year, 'that we in South Africa are for our sins riven into two factions of almost equal strength. Almost one half of the European population is coldly neutral towards the issue which we look upon as vital, if, indeed, they are not positively hostile to the cause of the Allies.' And yet South Africa is free. If there is any coldness towards the Allies, it is on account of past wrongs. In Ireland, on the other hand, if there is any coldness towards the Allies, it is on account of present wrongs. Some months ago, when a dinner was given in honor of Mr. Burton, the Minister of Mines in South Africa, Mr. Asquith in a speech mentioned the numbers of the South African forces who had served in the war. The *Times*, for some reason or other, omitted the figures in its report. I wondered at the time whether it was because they made Ireland's contribution seem so immense by comparison. The *Times* was content to give the report of the dinner some general appreciative heading such as 'Loyal South Africa.' It is more exigent in regard to Ireland. English statesmen, it is clear, have also one standard for South Africa and another for Ireland. Mr. Burton, we are told, related to the assembled guests the story of a wounded Boer soldier who said that he wished to get to France in order to repay the gift of free institutions to his country. He went on to say that the soldier's eye brightened as he added: 'I would not have raised one single hand for the Empire if the Empire had refused to establish in my country that freedom which South Africa now enjoys.' It is said that Mr. Austen Chamberlain and other representative statesmen who were present cheered this remarkable saying of the Boer soldier. By what fatality is it that they are unable to see that Irishmen are human beings, with the same passions as Boers? General Botha wrote to Mr. Redmond to say that he agreed with him that South Africa's services to the Allies were simply the fruit of the concession of national freedom. Yet, even without national freedom, and as a pure

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act of faith, Ireland poured her sons into the trenches in the most critical days of the war and helped to hold the line at its weakest for the world's freedom.

Let me say again that I do not make these comparisons in order to belittle the services of any other nation, but only to show up Ireland's services in the war in a true light. Most of the free nations have published a list of their dead and wounded soldiers during the last week or two. Let us have a full list of the dead and wounded Irish soldiers, so that we may judge how great have been the sacrifices made by Ireland. Has Japan contributed as many dead as Ireland? She has not. Yet Japan is praised. Has New Zealand contributed as many? She has not. Yet New Zealand is praised. Has South Africa? Has Canada? Canada has a greater population than Ireland. Yet, if figures were to be had, I am confident it could be shown that far fewer Canadian-born men than Irish-born men have fallen in the war. Captain Esmonde, M.P., said in the House of Commons the other day: 'I have myself seen, buried in one grave, four hundred Nationalist soldiers killed in one fight' — two thirds as many as the total number of the Dublin insurgents of Easter week. And that mournful spectacle has been repeated not after one fight, but after fifty during the war. In the most desperate days of the war — at Mons and at the Marne — Irishmen were present at the thickest of the fighting, and battalion after battalion gave itself up to the slaughter, singing 'The Bold Feiner Men,' 'A Nation Once Again,' and other songs of the kind that the police nowadays suppress with baton charges in Ireland. At the beginning of the war a battalion of the Irish Guards mutinied. It was because it had been rumored that they were not being sent to the front! The Irish Guards, it will be remembered, had been reprimanded at the time of the Buckingham Palace Conference for cheering Mr. Redmond on his way down Birdcage Walk. I knew a soldier in the Irish Guards — now dead — who declared that his battalion called themselves 'Redmond's Own.' Well, they are dead, and so are the Redmonds, and Sir Edward Carson and Mr. Bonar Law have made the glorious sacrifice of surviving to perpetuate the subjection of Ireland. One is not surprised to hear of the Nationalist soldier back from the front who said to Mr. Dillon: 'Mr. Dillon, the worst of it is I know now that we are not fighting for liberty, for England is going to betray us.' England, please God, with the help of labor, is going to do nothing of the sort; but Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Shortt, so far as they are able, have already made the great betrayal. Anti-Irish influences have for the moment triumphed, and Ireland is held up to contempt as a sullen shirker to all the free nations of Europe.

Mr. Lloyd George admitted, in the days following the insurrection, the malignity of the anti-Irish influences that had been at work among the English official classes in the early days of the war. This malignity has been shown by nothing more clearly than by the nature of the anti-Irish propaganda carried on by propagandists in the United States. The misrepresentation of Ireland to the United States could not have been more vehement if Ireland had been fighting for the Germans instead of for the Allies. If an American soldier, going ashore in Ireland, got into a drunken row that ended in a fight, the incident was telegraphed to America as if it were an unprovoked assault on the American flag by Irish Nationalists. And what can be said of the egregious statements about Ireland made in Mr. 'Ian Hay's' propa-

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ganda book published in America and exposed by Mr. Devlin in the House of Commons? Irishmen ask themselves whether an English Government that meant to deal honestly by Ireland would actually pay for the spread of anti-Irish feeling in America. It seemed to me at the beginning of the war that England was now about to take the attitude before the world: 'Well, we have done wrong in the past; but we are now going to liberate the small nations of the world — Ireland among them.' Instead of that, English propaganda, so far as it has related to Ireland, has largely been occupied with an attempt to show, not that England has at last admitted the justice of the cause of Ireland, but that, comparatively speaking, England's attitude to Ireland is satisfactory and just. Every other Allied country except Ireland has been glorified in pamphlet after pamphlet. Ireland alone has been maligned. One egregious pamphlet has been published to show that the English do not behave as badly in Ireland as the Germans in Poland. On grounds of this kind nearly any country might be denied its freedom. One can usually find some other country which, in some respect or other, has suffered still worse.

Here, then, is the plain truth about Ireland. Some powerful influences, which have always hated the thought of Irish freedom, have devoted themselves resolutely to the abnegation of Ireland since the beginning of the war. Why, the story of the heroic deeds of the Irish regiments at Gallipoli were suppressed until Mr. Redmond raised a storm about them, after the troops of every other nation had been given full credit. And to-day people who are praising the Czecho-Slovaks and the Poles — both of whom fought (under compulsion) against the Allies by the fifty thousand — are to be found denouncing the Irish, who contributed an immense and vitally necessary army to the cause of the Allies. I thank God for the freedom that is coming to the Poles and the Bohemians. But Ireland, too, has some little claim on the attention of the statesmen of these years of liberation. As she thinks of her dead, lying in a world of graves in Flanders, Gallipoli, and Mesopotamia, she may well (adapting lines of Mr. Kipling's) cry out, in the agony of her soul:

> If blood be the price of nationality,
> Good God, we ha' paid in full.

In this hour of the triumph of justice, let not the great deeds of this little nation be forgotten.

The New Statesman

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WATCHING THE GREAT SURRENDER

BY F. PERROT

LONG before dawn broke over the misty reaches of the Forth the great fleet slipped away to sea. The mightiest armada the world has ever seen — beyond the imagination of man to grasp its terrible concentration of power — went out quietly on a mission essentially peaceful. It was to take possession for the world's peace of the humbled bully of the seas. The grand fleet was playing the part of a colossal policeman, tolerant, good-humored, but intent on his job — that of restraining the peace-breaker for his own good. In the days that I have been living in the fleet, while it buckled on its belt and truncheon, I never heard a vainglorious boast or the note of vulgar triumph.

What was the fleet now starting on the most astonishing errand in history? A few numbers and names will give a faint conception. Two hundred and forty British ships of war were arrayed, and stole seawards in one immense line — one line as far as open water, and then in two lines six miles apart, so as to be ready to take the Germans into their midst and escort them decently and in order to their resting place. First in place were the First, Second, Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth battle squadrons, dreadnoughts and super-dreadnoughts everyone, thirty-three in all. Sir David Beatty, commander-in-chief, flew his flag on the Queen Elizabeth. Then came the First, Second, and Third battle cruiser squadrons, eleven ships with famous names sounding like trumpets of Empire — Lion, Tiger, Renown, Repulse, Princess Royal, Australia, New Zealand, Indomitable, Inflexible, Glorious, Courageous — six squadrons of light cruisers, the fierce, swift harriers of the sea — thirty ships all told. There were great ships outside this classification — that strange creature Furious, the seaplane carrier, the armored cruiser Minotaur, come up north, having finished her convoying business, to be in at the painless extinction of the German fleet. There was Gaston, the destroyer flagship, and Champion, and then in a thick swarm at the tail of the Grand Fleet were the destroyers, one hundred and sixty of them, mostly war creations.

As we went down we picked up from their station below the bridge the five American battleships that have been doing comradely service in northern waters with Admiral Beatty's fleet — the flagship New York, Texas, Arkansas, Florida, and Wyoming. Their strange cage masts loomed weirdly in the moonlight. There were French representatives, too, of the floating League of Nations. The high-backed cruiser Admiral Aube and a few of their many-funneled destroyers came up from the Dover patrol by way of a holiday. Their job was done with the ever-glorious bottling operations on the Belgian coast.

We were taking no risks to-day. Every ship in the Allied fleet went out to meet the Germans, ready for instant battle if need be, cleared for action. The order was that the guns were to be 'in securing position,' the ordinary fore and aft arrangement, but the men on my ship, the battleship Monarch, told

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me that thirty seconds from the flashing of a signal was all that they needed to pour a broadside into anything that wanted it. These guns were last fired at the foe in the mirk of Jutland night while we were escorting the Germans home.

I went below into one of the 13.5 turrets, and found every man in his place ready to ram the shell home and fire the great weapon. But the target was too easy; there was nothing doing.

Heavy fog lay thick on the North Sea the previous week—fit emblem of the twilight of German power. It lifted that morning. When the fleet put out there was good visibility up to three miles, sufficient to reveal the whole of the pageant, or what of its mighty extent any one pair of eyes could see. A chill and haggard dawn was breaking when I first looked out from the Monarch's bridge on the tumbled sea, leaden like the sky. We were just passing May Island at the entrance to the Firth of Forth, bleak and black, its light staring at us. The moon gleamed through a cloud-rift. Behind our ship, and before, the intermittent glare of ships' signals was the only sign that we were one of a far-stretching procession.

The cheerless daybreak broadened and revealed the armada scattered over leagues of sea. The fleet had come down from Rosyth in one long line, and now, the open sea reached, the long manœuvring began which was to end by eight o'clock in the symmetrical formation of a double line of ships six miles apart. Immediately behind the sister ships of the Second battle squadron followed the Monarch. The squadron was revealed to me as a series of dark gray shapes, squatly foreshortened, colorless but for the broad ensign at each masthead. There was no life to be seen on the decks, but signal flags fluttered up and down at intervals ahead on battleship after battleship, the Orion conspicuous with Admiral Goodenough's flag at the masthead.

We were forging slowly ahead. The navigating officer at my side said: 'It's odd to be going at this speed after four years of war. Makes me feel it's peace at last more than anything — we're so used to high speed and vigilance. And it's queer, too, to be coming out without a swarm of escorting destroyers.' The day brightened, the sun rose out of a great bank of cloud, and more and more of the fleet came into view. Three miles to the south in a light haze the second line of battleships, a broken line as yet, became visible. In among the majestic men-o'-war an inquisitive tug had nosed herself, determined to be in at the show. From the misty distance one especially noble shape became definite. All glasses were leveled. 'That's the Queen Elizabeth. Look, she's flying three ensigns as broad as a house.' Her flags stood out stiff in the breeze, expressing, as with a gesture, the ship's pride of place.

About 9.30 precisely came the great moment — the first glimpse of the captive German fleet. The lookout man at the masthead called down the tube to the captain's bridge: 'German fleet in sight on the starboard bow.' We were fifty miles out to sea east of the opening of the Firth of Forth. 'Der Tag,' murmured the chief yeoman of signals, as he leveled his telescope on the incredible thing. First of all we saw a kite balloon towed along by the Cardiff, our light cruiser, in the proud job of marshaling the prisoners. Behind the Cardiff we saw a faint silhouette, dark gray against the gray haze, like something cut out of paper. 'Seydlitz,' said an officer. 'When I saw her last she was fairly battered. Jutland.' So the five battle cruisers were marching first to prison.

Over the Seydlitz one of our North Sea airships kept watch and ward.

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The leading German ships showed great plumes of smoke. After the Seydlitz came the Moltke, Derfflinger, Hindenburg, and Von der Tann. They were about three miles from us.

'What a target!' said our captain regretfully, and he made a rapid calculation of how long it would take our thirty-three battleships to sink their nine. The nine now loomed out of the haze, all moving as at some peaceful manœuvres. They were in this order: Friedrich der Grosse, flying the flag of Admiral von Reuter; Kaiser, König Albert, Prinzregent Luitpold, Kaiserin, Bayern (the very latest), Grosser Kurfürst, Markgraf, Kronprinz Wilhelm.

There was a gap of three miles between the battleships and the seven light cruisers. These we could not see at all, nor the fifty German destroyers, all of the latest type, that closed the pageant. The light cruisers were: Karlsruhe, Frankfurt, Emden (the successor to the famous raider), Nürnberg, Brummer, Köln, and Bremse.

The grandest sight was that of the nine battleships towering in the misty light — magnificent and also ignominious. Soon after they were visible the sun burst out fully and made a path of rippling dazzle between us and the Germans. The phlegm of the British sailor was proof even against this miracle. Round me the officers were calmly identifying the ships from their silhouette-books — 'See the Derfflinger's tripod masts,' and so on. Our sailors showed no emotion at all. There was not a cheer in all the British fleet, although everywhere, on every turret and ledge, the men stood thickly, gazing silently or with some casual jest. One man who said to me, 'This is what we've been waiting for all these years' was an exception. The sailorman thought of peace to come and leave at last. There was chivalry in his heart for a beaten foe. I heard one say: 'It's a fine sight, but I would n't be on one of them ships for the world.' An officer said to me: 'We all feel this is an unparalleled humiliation to a great fleet. The High Seas Fleet has fought well, and we have nothing against it. The submarines are another story. We have won the greatest and the most bloodless victories in the history of the world. That's enough. No mafficking on the sea.'

Of what were the Germans aboard those ships thinking? Three miles away on either side they watched our noble lines stretching far before and behind, shepherding them to an alien anchorage. The German ships advanced into the jaws of the fleet until the leading ship was level with Admiral Beatty's flagship, which came last as we went to sea, so that when we turned she would head the line into harbor. At this moment, ten minutes past ten, it was time for us to turn. A signal ran down the fleet, and at once each division of ships turned outwards and round until the line was re-formed for the homeward journey.

This was a beautiful thing to see. Each ship swept round with parade precision, furrowing up a wide wake all white and green as it turned. The sun caught everything that could shine, and lit up the flags at the masts. The Queen Elizabeth was resplendent, all her silvery bulk flecked with white and crimson. In her wake followed the Oak, the commander-in-chief's destroyer, after the Queen Elizabeth the Orion, the Thunder, my ship, the Monarch, and the rest of the Second battle squadron.

The Queen Elizabeth led the squadron in the culminating display, as she does when the fleet goes into battle. Looking back at one moment I saw a score of battleships all changing course simultaneously. This movement gave the finest of a day's compressions of great strength and grace. From every

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fortress there spread a banner of smoke. One resplendent picture hid a nation's tragedy — a blue dancing sea, gray-blue ships, flags flying, and quiet satisfaction in every man's heart aboard. So complete was the triumph that the humane mind of the British seamen had thoughts to spare of pity, of fellow feeling.

We went back to port much slower than we came. The German ships were only making nine or ten knots. Were they short of coal, or were they not in trim for making any speed, as the German delegates are said to have confessed to Admiral Beatty? The British ships kept step. The weather cleared about noon, affording us a perfect view of the German fleet, all looking to ignorant eyes much as if punched out of a piece of tin, the same pattern. The Bayern, solitary in her class, was distinguishable, the two funnels placed close together. The whole scene lightened and became gay. The crews left their battle stations and popped on deck for a view. Bugles blew, flags whipped out, the silvery 'blimp' warship circled about the fleet, apparently joy-riding. One of her men was seen dangling his legs over the platform side and waving to the navy. The throb of her propeller was heard. The 'blimp' was having a jaunt now that her task of submarine spotting is over.

The French warships kept a little apart from the line, as if in courteous self-effacement.

Sir David Beatty had his own personal mascot on his ship that day. It was the huge ensign flown at the peak of the Queen Elizabeth. This ensign came from the Lion, his old ship, and in the Battle of Jutland part of it was shot away. Sir David Beatty with pardonable pride chose this war-worn flag to adorn his leading ship that day. The wheel had come full circle.

An amazing spectacle was the show of destroyers. When the German heavy ships were approaching their anchorage, the last and largest section of the imprisoned fleet, the fifty modern destroyers, were only coming into view. The fifty were escorted by three times their number of fast British destroyers. The two hundred vessels came along in lines of five abreast with the Germans safe in the middle. Clear as the sky was at that time, the destroyers covered so vast an area that the rear of the procession could not be seen. The sea was covered with the array as a chess-board is with the pieces.

Shortly before the armada drew in again to the entrance there was a transformation. The southernmost of the escorting lines turned once more and filed in behind the German fleet, a beautifully executed manœuvre. Off May Island the whole order was rearranged. Our northern line forged quickly ahead to Rosyth, leaving the German ships to be shown to their anchorage and inspected by the ships of the First battle cruiser squadron. Admiral Beatty's order ran: 'The German flag will be lowered at sunset and will not be hoisted again without permission.' Before we left the High Seas Fleet behind the Monarch came so close that the rows of German sailors could be seen clustered on turret and forecastle. The Germans were witnesses of a scene that must have been a bitter drop in the cup. They heard the British fleet cheering its commander. As each battleship swept past the Queen Elizabeth the crews mustered on the decks thundered out three cheers. The Chief stood on his bridge saluting. A cheerfully camouflaged cruiser, packed with men, rushed past the flagship making a noise. The Germans in the background were sad spectators of this climax to our joy. It might have cheered them a little to

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hear the British officer saying: 'What magnificent ships!' Admiration was universal throughout the fleet, especially for the Hindenburg, the latest thing in battle cruisers. A sailor put it naïvely: 'Why, you can't tell them from ours.' The day ended on every ship with a service of thanksgiving to God for our triumph.

The strangest contrast of the day came at sunset — four o'clock. At that time the Admiral's flagship was back at her moorings above the bridge; the luckless German fleet was safe in custody. At sundown on the flagship of the Grand Fleet all hands were piped aft. Men and officers assembled, expecting a speech from Admiral Beatty to mark 'the end of a perfect day.' As they were still waiting a bugle rang out forward, and instantly several hundred men turned round like one and saluted the flag. The bugler was 'making the sunset' in accordance with the old navy custom by which the end of day is signalized whether in war or peace. As the last note of the call died down the ship's company again turned aft, and on the call of the commander gave three stunning cheers for the commander-in-chief. Sir David Beatty, who was standing in the stern of the ship, replied conversationally, 'Thank you,' adding in the same breath, 'I always told you they would have to come out.' Men and officers responded with a chuckle of acquiescence, and in less than half a minute everybody was back at duty or pleasure.

That was the scene above the bridge; the culminating triumph, quiet as always in the navy, but very real.

At the same moment, seven miles below the bridge, the last-scene curtain was falling on the German drama off May Island, which sentinels the entry into the Firth. Seventy-one German ships lay at anchor powerless in the grip of the conqueror. In a semicircle round the only outlet lay British ships, cruisers and destroyers. At the moment when on the flagship the bugle rang joyously out and the commander-in-chief was being cheered, the German ensign came fluttering down at the order of that same man, maybe never to be hoisted again. The seaplanes in the dusk were hovering overhead. The British key was turned on the flower of the German fleet. Woe to the vanquished!

The King and the Prince were with us to give us a send-off. From the captain's bridge of the Monarch I watched the King making the round of the ships. He stood high on the top of the destroyer Oak, gravely saluting as he went down the stupendous array. The ships' men were ranked along the decks. It was a stately progress. Bugles sounded and the national tune drifted faintly over the water as one ship's band after another took it up, and as he came alongside each ship he was cheered from a thousand throats.

The Manchester Guardian

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THE PROBLEM OF INDEMNITIES

Of all the wars in history this will certainly leave the most numerous and the hardest financial problems. Altogether apart from questions of indemnity, the debts of all the great European belligerents are now intolerably heavy. When accounts are closed, the British debt will probably be eight or nine times as large as that which nearly submerged us a century ago after Waterloo. Yet from 1815 to 1846 — a marked recovery began in the latter year — the average population of Great Britain was not much less than half what it is likely to be on an average of the next twenty years. The French debt will be even heavier than ours in proportion to the wealth and population of France. In both British and French papers one frequently sees preposterous statements to the effect that Germany must be called upon to pay the whole war debt, and the London Chamber of Commerce has recently passed a resolution to that effect, with a clause explaining that otherwise our trade and prosperity will perish. Certainly hard times are ahead, and they will be especially hard if the United States claims back the loans with which it has helped to finance and feed the armies of the European associates. So I ask myself, Can either France or Great Britain count on any help from the United States? There is some hope, if we keep on good and friendly terms with our American associates, that America's advances to the Allies (who, after all, have done most of the fighting), will be treated not as loans but as subsidies. There is a good precedent for this; for the advances which Great Britain made to her allies in the Napoleonic wars were never reclaimed, although our national debt was then the heaviest in Europe.

Then what about indemnities? A heavy toll of locomotives and wagons has been taken from Germany in the armistice itself. But the peace conditions provide that the enemy are to pay for the damage they have inflicted upon individuals by air, sea, and land. The present state of Germany and Austria does not hold out much hope that large indemnities are within the range of practical possibilities. If Germany could be policed by Allied armies for fifty years, something might be extorted. But nobody contemplates anything of the kind. The German war debt is said to have mounted to £8,000,000,000, or half the estimated capital and wealth of Germany before the war. If an indemnity of £1,000,000,000 sterling were demanded, how could it be paid? If the German Government printed marks to that amount and handed them over to the Allies, the paper would be practically worthless, for it would purchase nothing except in Germany, and in Germany there will be very little left to purchase. After the war of 1870–71, France was still a rich country, and with the help of bills in London, the French Government was able to pay the German Government an indemnity of £200,000,000 in a comparatively short space of time.

But Germany is utterly exhausted, and there is no neutral country rich enough to help her, and if there were, help would not be forthcoming, for no one is likely to lend money to the German Government for any such purpose. Moreover, the difficulties have been enormously increased by the political upheavals in Germany and Austria.

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Our diplomatic policy has already recognized the Czecho-Slovaks, who inhabit the two richest provinces of Austria, as our allies, and the Jugo-Slavs in the south apparently claim a similar position. So, of course, do the Poles, and perhaps also the Ruthenians. To exact an indemnity from allies is presumably out of the question. So that any substantial indemnity from Austria may be abandoned as hopeless. Again, Imperial Germany was a unit. But what will happen to the debt of Imperial Germany if the Empire breaks up into a loose federation of independent republics, each of which will start life in a starving and semi-starving condition? Here again the prospects of a large indemnity are gone. Thus, however one looks at it, the prospects of obtaining a large indemnity are very poor indeed. One does not wish to argue for a moment that the German people ought not to be compelled to pay a substantial sum for the actual damage done in Belgium, which indeed they have agreed to do. Belgium is not asking for territory, and is entitled to as large an indemnity as Germany is able to pay. But whatever indemnities it is possible to exact should be levied promptly. The danger and mischief of a long occupation of German territory are too obvious to need emphasis. As a financial authority of great experience said to me the other day: 'It is bad policy to spend a pound in order to get eighteenpence.' We want to demobilize our armies with all possible rapidity; for the cost of maintaining them on anything like their present footing for many more months would be simply ruinous. The difficulty of borrowing increases every month. Yet our war expenditure cannot be much diminished until the army is demobilized.

The Nation

IN THE RUE DE PROVENCE

(*Before the War*)

BY ERNEST RHYS

In the Rue de Provence — in the Sunday morning heat,
When like tall trees the housetops kept cool the cleft of street —
I saw a countrywoman with a basket standing by,
Selling small ripe strawberries, like fragrant jewelry.

She made me think of Barbizon with her sunburnt, serious brow;
And I thought how Millet painted and would that I knew how.
I would I were a painter in the Rue de Provence,
That I might paint her comely head as a picture of France.

The Saturday Westminster Gazette

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THE AMERICAN SOLDIER

BY H. W. Y.

I HAVE had the good fortune to spend nine months in an American cantonment in closest touch with the officers and men of two divisions: I have crossed the Atlantic in a convoy of American troops: and I have fought by the side of American soldiers in Flanders. I feel, therefore, that I may claim to know something of the army of our great ally: and in this case to know is to understand, and to understand to admire.

Englishmen have grown accustomed to foreign soldiers now — French, Belgian, Italian, and the rest — and they do not seem so strange as once they did. But all these approximate to the European military model, with which our own army has much in common. Our Colonial soldiers, too, though different, are so rather in degree than in kind, for they have been schooled by instructors formed in the mould of the British army. The Americans, on the other hand, despite certain similarities to our own men, are something entirely new, and need explanation.

On the face of things the most obvious difference between them and ourselves is in the outward and visible evidences of discipline. To the casual observer the Americans (I am speaking of the average in both armies) are not so well turned out as our men, they are not so smart in movement or so steady in standing, nor have they to all appearances the same respect for rank and authority: in other words, they lack discipline. This is a judgment which I have often heard passed upon the American soldier: it is a criticism which I myself have made in the past. With wider experience and fuller understanding of the American soldier I think now that it is hardly just. Discipline, after all, is not an absolute quality: it differs in various countries, and doubtless the German militarist considers our soldiers ill-disciplined. Discipline is only a means to the end of military efficiency, and each nation develops it after the manner of its own national character. If, as we say, discipline is essential to military success, the actual record of the American army at the front proves it possessed of this quality in the form best suited to its own genius.

Naturally in a country which makes a fetish of independence the system is different from that of one where authority is much respected and service a high ideal. American discipline is more elastic than ours in the circumstances of everyday soldiering: but, unlike elastic, it contracts under strain. It is founded not so much on respect for authority as on a sense of responsibility which the feeling of equality engenders. Of the three great Allied nations, there is most liberty in Britain, most equality in America, and most fraternity in France. The American equality, however, produces not anarchy but coöperation; and discipline, as Mill said, is the perfection of coöperation. The Americans of course are by temperament markedly individualistic, but spread over a large number of men this quality seems to produce team work rather than the reverse. Nor is this so paradoxical as it

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would appear, for individuals can fit into their places and make a good combination. In a large unit composed of specialists it is likely that most of the talents and proficiencies required in the army will be to hand. No matter what one demands of an American unit, from lithography to bridge-building (I choose two actual examples from my own experience), it can be done within the unit. Their bodies of specialists round themselves with remarkable ease into symmetrical and self-supporting organizations. And while an individualist, the American soldier is extremely adaptable. We pride ourselves upon our powers of improvisation, but in this respect the American soldier is fully our match both in ingenuity and application. Arising out of this individualism also is another advantage of the greatest value — that, as a Canadian officer remarked to me, Americans will never lack for a leader in an emergency. On the other hand, in the presence of a duly appointed and qualified commander they are as capable of loyal coöperation and exact obedience as any professional soldier.

If there is one particular branch of military service which is most congenial to the American genius, it is aviation. The Americans are at once a nation of individualists, of sportsmen, and of automobilists. I have said enough of the first quality; and as for the other two, all their young men play games, and all can drive, and most understand, a motor car. The value to their aviation, inherent in these accomplishments, will be apparent to all. After that perhaps their service of supplies, for which their business ability conspicuously adapts them, is most typical of their national character. Considering its difficulties, this branch of their army, both in the magnitude of its scale and the excellence of its organization, is the best of all in the war. But it is needless to particularize. The American army, it must be remembered, has not yet sorted itself out: in that respect its condition resembles ours in 1915. At present one of its ordinary infantry regiments could probably construct a trench system as well as an engineer regiment: a machine-gun company will have as good mechanics as a motor-train: a trench mortar battery will possess draftsmen equal to those of an intelligence section. The process of sifting human material takes time, and the American army cannot reach its state of highest efficiency until its men are assigned to their correct places. Meanwhile these specialists, so many of them college trained, are extremely useful wherever they are.

The colored soldiers occupy a position apart from the rest, but I do not think that they appreciably lower the general standard. In the camps, at any rate, they are obedient, cheerful, well-disciplined, and obviously fond of soldiering; but undoubtedly they are subject to fits of mob emotion. Given leaders who can hold them, they should do well in action, and there is no reason why they should not have the right leaders. The regular officer knows how to treat them, while the reserve and national army officer has that same instinctive power of command possessed by the original officers of our new army, a power bred of their public school and university training. In addition, the American has great eagerness to learn, and ability to keep pace with his eagerness; so that he only needs experience to make him the equal of any in Europe, regular or otherwise.

I have said nothing of the courage, moral or physical, of the American soldiers, their dash in the attack or their obstinacy in the defense. These qualities are assumed in them by all Englishmen who know them; and that is

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the highest compliment that we could pay them. They come of a people, in the words of their own poet, 'virile, combative, stubborn, hard.' Let us then lose any illusion which some may have had to the effect that the American of to-day is not naturally a fighting man. And at the same time we must put away in respect to their soldiers another illusion concerning the American lack of modesty. The first thought of Americans in military discussion is to pay tribute to the original Allies who, having laid the foundations of victory, are still raising the greater part of its edifice; their great ambition, they will tell you, is to match the military achievements of Britain and France. Thus association in arms will bind Americans and French and British together in friendliness of sentiment as no three nations have ever been bound before in all the records of time.

The Spectator

THE 'Y' WITH THE FRENCH ARMY

(*A French View*)

BY FIRMIN ROZ

THERE is one field of Y.M.C.A. work which has a particular interest for us; I mean the work of the Y.M.C.A. with the *Foyers du Soldats*.

The war-time institution called the *Foyers du Soldats* was originated by a Frenchman, M. Emmanuel Sautter, and began its career with the inauguration of several Foyers on the Vosges front in January, 1915. More followed; some in other sectors along the front; others in the instruction camps and factories at the rear. A supporting committee was constituted in November, 1915, the president being General de Lacroix. In the spring of 1916, the founder, at the invitation of the General Staff, undertook to extend the institution along all the French front, and to this end was put in communication with the staffs of the various armies.

The entrance of the United States into the war announced a new phase in the history of the *Foyers du Soldats*. The Y.M.C.A. had been charged by the Government of the United States with the maintenance of the morale of the American troops, and offered its support to similar enterprises connected with other armies of the Entente. Thanks to this coöperation, the French institution of the Foyers was able to look forward to a decided increase in its means of action. An agreement which assured the necessary funds and an important collaboration in personnel received the approbation of the commander-in-chief. To the French director general, M. Sautter, was attached a second French director and two American directors, Mr. D. A. Davis and Mr. W. S. Cotton, and as a fitting epilogue to the alliance, the new institution took the title of *Union Franco-Americaine*. The budget furnished by the Y.M.C.A. for the current

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year represents more than forty million francs. The thousandth Foyer was opened on the twenty-third of September. The military authorities expect to arrange for thirteen hundred all told; they are to be found, for the most part, in the military zone. Some have been founded in Morocco and at Salonica. Between a hundred and fifty and two hundred thousand men visit the Foyers every day; and sixty tons of letter paper are required every month. The organization of the Foyers is much the same as that of other Y.M.C.A. huts. Above all, however, let me draw attention to the results of this admirable Franco-American coöperation.

Its first concern has been the maintenance and the raising of the morale of the troops. The Foyers, in truth, are the only places in the camps and cantonments where the soldiers during the long winter nights could find a share of comfort, pleasant light, and warmth, and a 'home' atmosphere which led them to forget their hard life. A secretary reports that he gave the greater part of his time to looking at the photographs which the soldiers of his Foyer showed him. These soldiers considered him as their friend, they confided their troubles to him and came to him for counsel.

Eight painters, sometime students of our school of beaux arts, have worked at the embellishment of these huts. More than one ugly hall has been transformed by them into a delight for the eyes. The pleasing quality of these decorations enables the soldiers to relax, and brings to life in them the love of the beautiful. Officers who feared that the Foyers might become centres of racket and disorder, have been thunderstruck to see that the private soldier behaves in his Foyer as the cultivated man behaves in his club. It is rare, indeed, for the conversation to degenerate into noise. The distractions furnished by moving pictures, concerts, phonographs, and, above all, by the cordial good cheer of the secretaries has often succeeded in changing completely the spirit of a camp. It is because our military authorities have understood the influence of this institution on army morale, that they have accorded the *Union Franco-Americaine* facilities never before afforded the Y.M.C.A. by any government. They have placed at the disposition of this association huts furnished with benches and tables, with light and heating, and furthered its aims by still other means, following the wide lines marked out by the codes regulating the various types of war work.

Another effect of the Foyers is the advance of the physical well-being of our troops. American physical instructors have given our soldiers the apparatus necessary for games, and have given them lessons. While teaching the soldiers baseball, the physical instructor showed them a new way of hurling grenades which immediately resulted in an extension of the average throw (thirty metres) to forty metres, and in a fifty per cent increase in the precision of aim. Following this demonstration, the military authorities requested that the department of physical training assume a definite share in the work of exercising the troop. Jumping exercises also brought excellent results.

The nervous fatigue of aviators has been held in check by regular physical recreation, and such recreation has become a part of the day's programme. Then, too, the canteens of the Foyers have alleviated the weariness of men at the end of a painful march. During the great battles of the spring and summer, the secretaries of the Foyers, Frenchmen as well as Americans, distributed cigarettes and chocolate sticks by the hundred thousand, let alone the hot or cold drinks.

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Our soldiers have found in the Foyer a social centre in which they can come together in an essentially healthy *milieu*, play at chess or checkers, and spend their leisure time in an agreeable way without having to go to the café. Wine-shop keepers have had to close their bars for lack of customers. Many soldiers have asked why there should not be such centres of reunion open to all, man, woman, and child, in their home towns when peace really reigns. With this request in mind, the organizers of the Foyers have hopes of adapting to a new use those Foyers which are to be found in little towns or villages.

Meanwhile, the Foyers are centres of education for our soldiers. Of the three hundred and thirty-seven Americans, men and women, who are working in the *Foyers du Soldat*, almost all are graduates of universities, many are college professors or high school teachers; almost all have made of these Foyers schools of English. Mrs. Crosby, sister-in-law of Mr. J. P. Morgan, spends fourteen hours every week teaching English, without counting the many conversations she has with special pupils. Her cousin, Miss Sturgis, in the same Foyer, spends eleven hours a week teaching English. One of the English classes of a certain Foyer was followed by the general of a division and his staff. A secretary reports that he could spend every minute from morning till night teaching if his other tasks allowed him. Every Foyer has a library owning between a hundred and two hundred volumes, half of these books being intended for recreation, half for study. As high as sixty per cent of these books have been in use at once. Soldiers have been able to follow real courses of instruction by means of these libraries. The moving picture and the stereoscope have shown themselves excellent aids to education. Hundreds of films have made known American industry, commerce, factory methods, etc. These films, often accompanied by a short talk, rouse a lively interest. Lectures on America and the Allied countries, on the dangers of alcoholism, on the prophylaxis and treatment of tuberculosis, and on sex hygiene, have been given with great success. American secretaries have given ten-minute talks on subjects of this type — 'How John Smith Spends Sunday in America,' 'How a Man Can Make His Way Through College,' 'How John D. Rockefeller Made His Money,' etc. Concerts of classical music help to form the soldier's taste, and awaken the sentiment of the beautiful, the classic concerts being no whit less popular than the more common ones too often arranged by those who have in mind merely the amusement of the soldier.

But we shall have neglected an important note on the Foyers if we fail to stress the fact that they bring together men from all corners of the earth and open to men's souls new ways of communication. The Foyers carry on their work in thirty languages and dialects, among which are not only French, English, Italian, Portuguese, Russian Czech, Polish, Serbian, Greek, and Spanish, but also Arabic, Senegalese, Malgache, Tonkinese, Chinese, and Kabyle. Many children of less advanced races, who are now in France by the thousand, have crossed the seas, torn away from the ruts in which they have lived. They seek to inform themselves; they ask questions. Left to themselves, they will see only the very worst side of our occidental civilization. They will judge Christianity and civilization from the fact that they have been brought here to kill men or make the machines by which men are killed. They are quite ignorant of the principles and ideas for which they are fighting. Yet they only ask an oppor-

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tunity to learn. A Hindu, seeing an old Frenchwoman seated by her doorway every evening reading a French paper, gave himself the task of learning his own language. 'I saw that old woman read her papers. I believe that it is because even the women of France are able to read that France is great. If India is ever to become a great nation we must all learn to read and write.' Many Chinese and Annamites for the first time are taking a keen interest in being able to read and write their own language. Certain Annamites were so struck by the devotion and loyalty of an American secretary, that they made him an honorary member of their regiment. For the first time Senegalese, Moroccan Moors, and Arabs are being led to understand that there are good elements in other races. To-day it is clear that thanks to the foyers, it will be possible to send back these various people to their various nations as missionaries carrying with them all that is best in our civilization.

But if we wish, to bring the matter to an end, to return to the Franco-American connection, we shall see the support which the Foyers afford that connection. In many Foyers, French officers and soldiers have the opportunity of learning English from men and women, many of whom are teachers by profession, and at the same time these men and women are learning to know and understand the true France, French manners and customs, and French literature. Thus the *Foyers du Soldats* serve as a channel for the mutual comprehension of America and France, and are contributing a real share to the foundations of a lasting friendship between the two peoples.

This friendship already expresses itself by gifts, which, made by individuals and by the mass of the nation, well represent the true attitude of America to France. Like the American Red Cross, the Y.M.C.A. has wished to make its gifts signs of sympathy. The millions of dollars which the Y.M.C.A. uses in its work are due to the generosity of the American people. They gave them willingly, with enthusiasm even, because they knew that they were for the French soldier. In the last grand campaign, which produced fifty million dollars, there were more than three million donors. A third of them were students and pupils of the secondary schools, many of whom cut down their personal expenses in order to give their money to the Y.M.C.A. It was not only the rich giving of their luxury, it was the poor giving from their necessity, and therein is a sign big with significance for the future. Those Americans who gave money, those Americans who used it will remain attached to us by the very interest they have taken in our needs and our troubles, attached to us by the good that they have done and the services they have rendered. The Americans will have discovered behind the appearance which hid it from their gaze that solid foundation of our race which explains its rôle in the past and its attitude in the present war. The French will have seen American energy at work, seen it inspired by the noblest confidence in the power of man and by the will of ameliorating the conditions of life. They will have seen something of American organization, which is not German in character but is equally competent. And thus both nations will be the better prepared for the great task of coöperative action which should henceforth unite in peace those nations which an imperious necessity to defend themselves and their ideals united in war. The progress and happiness of humanity may only thus be obtained.

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THE FRENCH IDEA OF RUSSIAN INTERVENTION

BY COMTE DE CHEVILLY

When the Bolshevik power followed the provisional government, it was unquestionably received with favor by a large body of the working class, by the army and the navy in particular, and by a great many peasants and artisans. The motive for this was by no means to be found in the extreme doctrines of Lenin, which were very little known among the people, the majority of whom classed themselves in the Socialistic-revolutionary party as the elections of constituent proved. The people as a whole, and especially the soldiers, who for the greater part come from peasant stock, only took part in the revolution of February (whatever may have been said contrary to this) in the double aim of making an end of the war and dividing the large estates among the peasants.

The provisional government, having the praiseworthy but naïve desire to remain faithful to Russia's engagements and create among the people a patriotic sentiment which had no existence, made an attempt to continue the war, restricting its aims and suppressing the old ideas of discipline. As for the division of the land, resounding promises had not been followed by any practical realization. Then came Lenin, Trotzky, and their gang into power, declaring that fighting would cease immediately and that peace would be signed at once at any price. As for the land, the peasants might take possession of it at that very moment, and as a gift to celebrate the happy event, Lenin invited the workingmen to make themselves masters of the factories and the lower classes to settle in the houses they liked, driving out the proprietors even as he had done himself.

The simple-minded Russian people thought this a perfect programme, and the provisional government, which had not even been capable of driving out Lenin and his acolytes from the palaces and houses which they had occupied and plundered, which had not even dared to prevent him from spreading his fatal doctrine, was obliged to take flight, without even trying to make any sort of serious resistance. Let it be noted, by the way, that this same attitude of peace at any price, foundation stone of Bolshevik policy and success, constituted a distinctly hostile attitude to France and her Allies, an attitude even more clearly marked in Bolshevik writings and speeches, in which all the governments of the Entente without exception were attacked in the grossest manner.

As soon as it was in power, the government of Lenin began to carry out a more complete programme and tried to put into practice the essential Bolshevik doctrine, *viz:* Annihilation of the bourgeoisie, suppression of all property, non-recognition of the debts of Russia, and, as a supplement, nationalization of the banks, the pillage of the stores and houses, arbitrary arrests, sometimes followed by summary executions, suppression of all the opposition press, of the right of reunion, suppression of all the old courts, notaries, lawyers, etc.

But this whole programme, even when realized, did not better the transportation problem, diminish famine, or

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make life easy, and soon dissatisfaction began to appear everywhere. Of course the bourgeoisie, sacrificed and martyred, showed itself the most hostile; but a large part of the working class also showed its discontent. To combat the growing hostility, the Bolshevik Government had at first its army which it called the Red Army; but the incapacity of this army as a fighting force made its protection illusory. The power of the commissioners of the people was upheld for the most part by Lettish regiments, some sailors, and, later, by some Finnish Red Guards, who had been forced to leave their country.

The allegiance of these terrible gangs, in which every soldier daily received as much as a hundred francs, allowed the Bolsheviki to maintain, by means of a constantly widening reign of terror, a power more despotic than had ever been seen in the reign of any Tsar. The whole upper class in Russia, the intellectuals, former officials, great and small, the bourgeoisie, officers of the old régime, peasants, small landowners — all lived in fear of the Bolshevik power without having the courage to free themselves. The more orthodox Socialists, the cadets, the progressivists, all the parties belonging to the right, the whole body of the clergy, that is to say, the immense majority of Russians lived in terror of the hatred of the Bolshevik Government, and did not dare stir for fear of terrible repressions.

To be sure, there is something inexplicable in this terrorized inertness. The one fact, however, which we must keep in mind is that all of sane Russia, in despair of being able to save itself, sought its deliverance through foreign intervention. Whence was this intervention to come; from Germany or from the Allies?

An understanding with Germany appeared the best way of bringing about an easy and rapid solution of the difficulty, the German armies were very near, and, for the time being, the German Government represented for the majority of Russians the maximum of order, discipline, and energy. Moreover, the Allies seemed very far away, and but little desirous of coming to the aid of a Russia which had deserted them at a most perilous moment. And it is but justice to note that certain special and unhappy circumstances gave anti-Bolshevik Russia a right to believe that any hopes of finding Entente support for a struggle against the tyranny of the Bolshevik Government were vain ones. For, by a strange error, the more or less official representatives of the United States and Great Britain, certain Frenchmen even, had taken it into their heads that a pact could be made with the Bolsheviki for the continuation of the war against Germany.

It was an epoch during which both British and American officials cultivated Trotzky and his acolytes assiduously, admired his genius unreservedly, and bound their respective governments to a recognition of the commissioners of the people — an epoch of extreme danger during which the Entente was on the verge of creating an irreparable gulf between itself and the true Russia, facilitating, the while, a German conquest of the country.

Let me render just homage to the clarity of vision and energy of our ambassador to Russia, M. Noulens, who wisely perceived the danger and restored the confidence of Russia in the Entente powers. His task was complex and difficult; he had first to convince the United States and Great Britain of the unpopularity of the Bolsheviki and of their hostility to the Allies; he had to persuade the healthier elements of Russian life that the Allies were dis-

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posed to restore order in their country and to free it from the German menace; it was also his to convince these elements that the Allies were actually able to take such action. With the support of the French Government, M. Noulens, in a number of precise and energetic declarations formulated a programme which may be thus resumed.

'Russia's old allies remain her allies, all such acts as the Treaty of Brest cannot be recognized by them, nor can they recognize the Government which has signed such a treaty; the Allies will help Russia to restore order, to thrust forth the invading German; an intervention by the Allied powers will be innocent of self-interest, and will leave to Russia the free direction of internal affairs.'

In the beginning, these declarations were received with incredulity, almost with distrust. Nevertheless the sincerity of M. Noulens and the hard work of his collaborators rapidly succeeded in changing opinion. All the great parties, one after the other, accepted the scheme of Allied intervention. From the Socialist revolutionaries to the extreme right, from cadets of the left to the heads of the clergy — each and all declared themselves partisans of the struggle against Germany with the support of the Allies, all appealed to the Allies to deliver them from the reign of terror to which they had been handed over.

And now, by an accord which I hope is complete, the intervention has become a *fait accompli*. Nevertheless, two points of the highest importance remain to be solved. The first is that the intervention, to have a useful effect, should envisage methods and means of action on a sufficiently wide scale, and should be carried on with rapidity; care being taken, however, not to extend the field of operations too swiftly to regions like those of Petrograd and Moscow until the Allies can definitely restore order and the economic revictualing of the territory.

The other important point is that the sincere promise made not to meddle with the internal affairs of Russia carries with it a formal obligation to leave Russia free to select the form of government which her people may desire, but this promise should not prevent us from treating from now on as enemies that party which has betrayed the Allies, warred ceaselessly against them, preached civil war and defeatism in France, Italy, Great Britain, and the United States and has declared itself Russia's most dangerous foe.

Le Figaro

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RUSSIA AS THE GERMANS SEE HER NOW

BY HANS VORST

An accurate estimate and forecast of Russian tendencies are matters of the greatest possible importance for German policy. We must, therefore, endeavor to have a glance behind the iron curtain which separates us from the future. To attempt this is to assume a weighty responsibility. It is especially difficult on account of the prevailing chaotic conditions. A man should attempt it only with the greatest caution.

The Bolshevik Government seems incapable of surviving, and it is approaching its overthrow at a rapid pace. The food situation is becoming increasingly unendurable and less promising. The whole commercial life of the country is coming to a full stop. All classes of the people are suffering more and more intensely in the midst of universal misery. When the Bolsheviki assert that they do not represent theories but interests, they reveal plainly enough the fact that they are no longer serving the interests of the working people as a whole, but only those of a new labor aristocracy. Under such conditions there is good reason why the masses should fall away from the movement. They will not remain loyal to it, and thus the so-called 'social' basis of the Socialist Government is growing constantly narrower and more insecure. While the number of defenders of the Soviet Government diminishes, the bitterness of its opponents and the dissatisfaction of the people at large increase.

One should not leave out of sight the fact that though the Red army continues to grow larger, at the same time it is becoming less reliable. The reintroduction of compulsory service renders impossible the careful selection formerly practised, and the rule of picking out only workingmen for the Red army is no longer satisfactory, since the sentiment of the working people has swung in the other direction. This tendency is reinforced by the fact that the fighting itself results in the surviving of the men who are least loyal to the Soviet Government. No one wants to fight, and for that reason it is necessary to employ the troops that are most devoted to the Soviet Government. They must always be an inspiring example to the others, and always suffer the heaviest losses. Consequently, even in the Red army itself the ground is being prepared for a revolution, and the increasing difficulties experienced in supplying the army cooperate to strengthen this tendency.

One might suppose, therefore, that the days of the Soviet Government were numbered, and that it could not hope to survive more than a few months at the utmost.

But it is hazardous to make such a prognosis so long as we do not know from what source the overturn is to come. No solid centre is yet visible round which the masses can rally to overthrow the Bolshevik rule. We do not yet catch the battle-cry which they would inscribe on their banner. The natural passivity of the Russian people creates a difficulty. They are still confused as to the meaning of the revolution. In talking with leading Russian statesmen of the bourgeois camp I have

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often told them plainly that the Russian bourgeoisie had been beaten by the Bolsheviki, not only physically but also morally. For the Bolsheviki are the only people in Russia who have maintained a high degree of energy and decision throughout the revolution. This is the source of their strength; and to-day the weak and docile masses of the Russian nation still show subservience, even against their will.

The Bolsheviki have encountered the most determined opposition from the Russian peasants, and there is no red terror that can break the tough resistance of the peasant masses. Every Russian Government in the future will have to reckon first of all with the interests and needs of the peasantry in order to maintain its existence. That spells the doom of the Bolsheviki. As the party of the city proletariat, they are naturally opposed to the peasantry, and this opposition has been accentuated beyond remedy by a number of short-sighted measures. However, the peasants themselves cannot lead a campaign against the Soviet Government. Only the educated bourgeoisie can do that.

I have already explained fully how the old bourgeois parties have disintegrated and declined and that there is no organization existing at present which can take up the battle with the Soviet Government. Irreparable confusion and disintegration is still evident in public opinion, and any new unity is the more difficult to obtain because all the newspapers and agencies permitting an interchange of public views, except those endorsing the Bolsheviki, have been suppressed. The bourgeoisie is still intimidated, despairing, and resigned. It makes no difference whether one questions the public men of Russia or the leaders in other fields of interest, one hears but the same reply — unless we have help from abroad, we shall not be able to shake off the Bolsheviki yoke. After hoping in turn for the aid of the Germans, the Czecho-Slovaks, and the Entente, Russian opinion is now to the effect that not until peace has been concluded, and a general force has intervened, is there a possibility of overthrowing the Soviet Government. One of the leaders of the Russian business world, who has since had to flee to escape the Bolsheviki and to save his life, was in such a despairing state of mind a few weeks ago that he told me that under present conditions it would be a misfortune for the Bolsheviki to be overturned or to resign voluntarily. He thought that even worse things might happen, because it was not beyond the range of possibility that the Bolsheviki would control one district, the cadets another, the social revolutionists a third, the monarchists a fourth and that the country would dissolve in an anarchy of local feuds.

Unless there is outside intervention, or unless the Russian bourgeoisie gathers itself together, complete anarchy will indeed result, and tragic, hopeless ruin will be the inevitable lot of Russia. However, I am convinced of one thing, Bolshevism cannot survive even if it has no enemies. It will destroy itself shortly by its own policies and disappear from the face of the earth.

Although the Russians themselves must appreciate the situation better than I do, I cannot share their view that the Soviet Government can only be thrown out by intervention from outside the country. During the war and during the revolution it has been only too plain that all of us are deluded by the appearances of the moment, and hypnotized by the transient conditions that surround us, and think them certain to continue forever. The Russian revolution is only eighteen months old, and it has already produced radical, rapidly succeeding, transformations in

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popular sentiment. At first everybody suddenly became enthusiastic over the social revolution. They were ardent supporters of Kerensky and the continuance of the war. A few months later all these social revolutionists had become Bolsheviki and no one would listen to any further talk of war. Kerensky has for a long time been a subject for universal contempt, and the supporters of the Bolsheviki are so few that they are able to maintain themselves only by the most frightful terroristic and dictatorial measures. Even before the first outbreak of the revolution, there were actually no organized powers in existence which were capable and resolute enough to overthrow the Tsar, but he was overthrown because the situation and desperation of the people, partly due to most contradictory reasons unexpectedly forced itself on public attention.

A prominent Russian public man told me that shortly before the February revolution he was going down the Nevsky Prospekt with a friend, and had referred to the hunger demonstration then occurring as harmless and insignificant. He noticed with what apparent zeal the Cossacks scattered the demonstrators who had assembled. But only a few days later the same Cossacks made common cause with the people they had been dispersing, and the Tsar's Government was a thing of the past. Nothing could show more plainly the uncertainty of popular sentiment. It does n't mean anything that the Red army captured Samara.

The October revolution which gave the Bolsheviki power was accomplished, like the February revolution, with very small forces. In this case, also, it succeeded merely because the masses of the people had become desperate on account of the inactivity and helplessness of the Kerensky Government.

The Russian revolution has hitherto proceeded by great waves. Just now we are in the trough between the waves, and many think we always will remain there; but certain indications prove that a new wave is flowing toward us. The attitude of the masses still seems apathetic and resigned, but the sign may change with surprising suddenness.

The Soviet Government cannot continue, but as yet we cannot perceive the forces which will overthrow it. Those forces may be very weak, as they were in October, until the desperation of the masses stands behind them. Universal misery is narrowing the social basis of the Bolsheviki until they are hanging in the air, and it requires only a breath of wind to plunge them over.

Can we not make out the new government and its programme? The frightful misery that will spread over Russia this winter will, one would fancy, bring to the front a series of practical political and economic demands, around which a majority of the people will rally. The new government may not be organized from the old parties, but from a small group of resolute men who speak out at the proper time what all realize is necessary to be said.

The policy which Russia must follow in the future I will discuss at a later opportunity. I would merely say that when the Bolsheviki fall, not only their particular brand of Socialism, but Socialism in any form will have lost its power in Russia. In my letter of September 3 I discussed at length the reasons why the social revolutionary party is politically bankrupt. It still retains only a few remnants of its former splendor. On the 27th of August I explained the weakness and passivity of the Menscheviki. It is but superstition to suppose that a mere social revolutionary era is going to succeed the Bolshevik era in Russia. The fu-

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ture control of Russia will not belong to Socialists of any stamp, *but to a Russian bourgeoisie, disciplined and instructed by the revolution.*

One other prophecy. Will the future government of Russia be hostile to Germany? That depends just now very largely on Germany itself. After having abundant opportunity to become thoroughly informed as to the views and sentiments of controlling influences in Russia, I can say that Germany is still in a position to wipe out the memory of its past faults by a wise and friendly policy, and that it can win new sympathy in Russia. In any case, a new government in Russia whatever it may be, will have more important business on hand than attacking Germany.

The Berliner Tageblatt

'RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT' IN INDIA

BY HARRY L. STEPHEN

THERE is a well-known firm in Bombay which is said at one time to have had in its private telegraphic code a word which meant 'I did not ask you whether you could, but how you would.' The spirit, though not perhaps the temper, that led to the codification of this businesslike retort must be read into the request for criticism that concludes Lord Chelmsford and Mr. Montagu's Report on Indian Constitutional Reforms. We may criticize details, but the main principle on which the report is founded is not to be impeached.

That principle is of course contained in Mr. Montagu's so-called 'Pronouncement' of the 20th of August, 1917, the keynote of which is that the policy of His Majesty's Government is 'the gradual development of self-governing institutions with a view to the progressive realization of responsible government in India as an integral part of the British Empire.' This statement is immune from criticism because it constitutes a promise by the nation to the peoples of India that is as binding as any promise can be. True, it was in form only an answer to a question: it referred to a subject which had not been discussed in Parliament, still less in the country; it was made towards the end of a long session when all the attention of the country was closely devoted to matters of even greater importance than the welfare of the Indian Empire. And yet, though it was the 'most momentous utterance ever made in India's checkered history,' and initiates 'the plan of one of the greatest political experiments ever undertaken in the world's history,' Mr. Montagu's word has settled the whole matter irrevocably. The authors of the report have explained very clearly how resolutions of Parliament cannot bind a government. Yet Mr. Montagu's single word has bound the country. Mr. Curtis, who may fairly be associated with Mr. Montagu in this matter, tells us that 'it was tacitly accepted by the House of Commons and the House of Lords. Its announce-

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ment to Parliament without provoking a vote of censure is equivalent to its acceptance by the Imperial Parliament and electorate.' The British Constitution is very elastic, especially in war-time; but is it elastic enough to enable us to deal a blow at Parliamentary government in England while preparing the way for responsible government in India? According to all precedent Mr. Montagu's 'Pronouncement' bound no one outside the Government, and was at least as far from being a national promise as are the contents of a King's speech. I do not suggest that it is practically possible to act up to the letter of this rule; for by representing his own words as a national promise throughout India, Mr. Montagu has in fact given them a weight to which they were not entitled, and has created expectations, some of which will certainly not be realized. I hope that politicians may find means of showing that Mr. Montagu did not speak for the nation, without laying us open to an accusation of a breach of that faith which he has tried so hard to pledge. But what I am more immediately concerned with is that I do not consider the principle of the 'Pronouncement' free from criticism, and that I believe the more the report is studied the more will it appear that it is wholly mistaken. The scheme propounded is of course a transitional one, and it cannot be expected to be logical or complete. But if it breaks down, as I suggest it does, at its most critical points, that is surely a sign that the principle on which it is framed is defective.

Before noticing those details, however, and their bearing on the principles on which they are based, I must, though very shortly, say something of the material out of which the authors of the report hope to construct the foundations of the kind of government that we are familiar with in Canada and Australia. The great mass of the people, most optimistically reckoned at only 95 per cent of the whole, are poor, ignorant, and helpless, far beyond the standard of Europe; they do not ask for responsible government and are not fitted for it. They are slow to complain and prefer to suffer rather than have the trouble of resisting; they are poorly equipped for politics and do not at present wish to take part in them. Till the ryot, who practically constitutes the great masses, has learned how to use a vote for his own benefit — it sounds like teaching a Suffolk laborer the right use of a family idol — he will be exposed to the risk of oppression by people who are stronger and richer than he is; but meanwhile he will have the help of officials, candidates, those of the educated classes who resent the charge that they have looked after their own interests rather than his, and lastly of means that 'we' must retain in our own hands for helping him. Above him are the 'landed aristocracy,' the larger zamindars as they may be less inaptly called, who, mainly under the 'pressure of events,' will learn that political life — that is, the hustings and the ballot box — need not impair their dignity and self-respect. This will show them how to organize, argue, and make speeches, or get others to do so. Then come the 'smaller gentry,' the lesser zamindars, who are to be the chief agents for the spread of responsible government, with the help of 'the politically-minded' and *intelligenzia*, the lawyers, money lenders, and so forth. I think it is these two classes that will supply the oppressors of the ryots.

Such nearly in the words of the report is the condition of the people we have to train to responsible government, and I suggest it presents a pic-

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ture sufficiently unlike anything existing in England, or the English Dominions, or the United States, to make it doubtful whether a system that we have arrived at after the experience of many generations can profitably be imposed on India at once, or can be brought to anything that can be called fruition within any time that we can contemplate. But more than this. The whole idea of politics apart from religion is foreign to India; the government when represented by a man in unquestionable authority is very great; but religion comes first and pervades everything, and in all social relations finds expression in the laws of caste. How responsible government is to be adapted to caste the report does not say. This all-important subject is in fact only mentioned five times, more or less, and then as cursorily as possible; yet it is the bond that unites Hindus, including the most highly educated, against all the rest of the world as much as it divides them against one another. The most that Mr. Montagu has said about it, as far as I know, is in his speech in the House of Commons on the 6th of August last, when he pointed out that it, with illiteracy and class-antagonisms, constitute obstacles to the 'democratic progress' which is essential to the success of his scheme, but prophesied that under free institutions the characteristics that make it impossible to regard India as a democratic nation may disappear. My experience of India is limited enough; but I cannot believe that Mr. Montagu's faith in this matter has any justification, and I am sure that those who can speak on the matter with authority hold this view more strongly than I do.

Much more might be said to show how defective is the chapter of the report devoted to the 'Conditions of the Problem' as a proof that India generally is fit for responsible government or will be so within any time that we need contemplate; but this is not the place for any careful investigation of this matter, nor am I qualified to deal with it in detail. Speaking generally, however, the knowledge acquired by anyone who held an important position in India, when applied to the leading problems that the report presents, will, as it appears to me, show that the main principles on which it is constructed are hopelessly unsound.

These problems relate, in the first place, to provincial governments, because it is with regard to them that the scheme is most fully developed, though those relating to the central government prepare the way for misfortunes on a larger scale. And here the first question that arises is —'Who is to be enfranchised?' The answer is that the franchise is to be as wide as possible, and that it is to be direct; that is, that the elected members of provincial councils, who will form a substantial majority of the whole, will be elected by individual votes, and not as at present by municipal and local boards. Under these conditions the question arises of how many votes there will be and who will be the voters. As to the first point, in each of the provinces of the United Provinces, Bengal, Madras, and Bombay there are over 20,000,000 males; roughly, the male population of each province is about that of the United Kingdom. It seems that the normal size of a council is to be about a hundred. If all the members are elected, which they will not be, each member will therefore represent 200,000 males — no one suggests that we need consider women. How many of these will vote on a franchise which is to be made as wide as possible it is useless to consider, but it is plain that the number of votes must be very small in proportion to the

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enormous populations that have to be dealt with, not only at present, but for any time that can be taken into account. And who will the actual voters be? These are the 'smaller gentry' of whom so much is hoped, 'the politically minded,' the core of earnest men who believe sincerely in and strive for political progress, 'a ring of less educated people to whom a phrase or a sentiment appeals,' and an outside fringe who are attracted by curiosity to see a new thing, and not repelled by it as most Indians are. These persons are after all few in number, but they will expect to have considerable voting power in every constituency. What room then will be left for the great masses who are to learn to protect themselves from oppression, and for the landed aristocracy to whom oppression has sometimes been imputed? The question must remain unanswered; but generally as far as the electorates are concerned it seems that the government of the provinces is to be handed over to a small class who have much to get and little to lose, and that it is to them and them alone that the elected members of provincial councils will be responsible. I need say nothing of the qualifications of this *intelligenzia* for the duties that are to be cast on them, because the only test to be applied to all proposals made is whether they will or will not help to carry India towards responsible government; and as Mr. Curtis says, we can only learn to be just by having opportunities of injustice, and the way for all of us, including it seems the ryots, to get things done is to endure the results of our own neglect in not getting them done.

Closely connected with the question of the electorates is that of communal representation, of which much more is likely to be heard. The question is whether members of a particular religion or race living in a district or a province, where they are in a permanent minority, should be entitled to have their race represented in the council, on foregoing their right to vote as the inhabitants of a particular district. With two exceptions the authors of the report say no. Communal electorates are opposed to the teaching of history; responsible government is the supreme necessity; 'in Europe it appeared only when the territorial principle had vanquished the tribal principle, and blood and religion had ceased to assert rival claims with the State to a citizen's allegiance': the nations who developed self-government are against any such divided allegiance, and such electorates will perpetuate and stereotype class divisions. Nevertheless, such electorates must be allowed to Mahometans, partly because Lord Morley created them in 1909, and some Mahometans have agreed with the Hindus that they should have them, and they have lately been conspicuously loyal. They must also be allowed to the Sikhs, who are a distinct and important people, a valuable element in the Indian army, and are everywhere in a minority. So stands the case at present. There can be no doubt that other extensive claims to communal representation will be made. How far they will be successful remains to be seen; but any claim that is recognized, or indeed any that is urged in good faith, is a sign that the country is not suited for the institutions that it is proposed to set up.

From the electorate we may turn to the executive government, that is, the men who will be the provincial government for all practical purposes. This, the executive council, will consist of the governor, who will usually be sent out from England, presumably a politician of good position though of

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secondary importance, two councilors — one a civilian and one an Indian who will in most cases not be a civilian — and one or more Ministers chosen by the governor from among the elected members of council. The governor and councilors will deal with reserved subjects and be responsible to the Secretary of State and Parliament, as a governor and his executive council are at present. The Ministers will be appointed for the duration of the council, and will be responsible to their constituents, and not to the council. The duties and powers of the whole executive council are arranged on a system designed to insure that the fundamental duties of any government, such as the preservation of law and order, shall be carried on without a complete collapse, and that others shall be performed in accordance with the wishes of a majority of the electors. The result is a scheme so elaborate that some part of it is sure to be inoperative, and so inconsistent that the councilors and the Ministers and above all the governor may find themselves in positions that will be impossible for any independent man to occupy. As a rule all executive questions will be discussed by the executive council as a whole, that is, by the two councilors and the one or more Ministers sitting together under the governor: though he will presumably consult with his councilors and Ministers apart from one another. The decision on reserved subjects will, however, be that of the councilors, and the decision on transferred subjects that of the Ministers. But the whole government will be responsible for all decisions, and both councilors and Ministers will loyally defend all such decisions. The difficulty that an independently minded man may have in defending in public a measure of which he disapproves and which he has done his best to defeat in private is not overlooked and will, it is admitted, require mutual forbearance and a strong common purpose. 'Two forces may fall different ways'; but this difficulty is met by a reference to what happens in England when members of a government may have to choose between loyalty to the government and to their own constituents. The analogy is admittedly incomplete; so incomplete indeed, that it leaves out of sight the facts that a member of the English Government may resign, and that he acknowledges an obligation to a party, which he shares with all his colleagues. As to the first, it will be very difficult for a councilor to resign, and if a Minister resigns on a point on which there is a strong feeling in the council it may be found impossible to replace him. As to the second, the councilors will presumably not belong to any party. There may possibly be only one party among the elected members, or there may be an embarrassing multiplicity of parties, or in relation to different subjects both states of things may exist. But in any case Ministers will not necessarily be members of any party, as they will be selected by the governor. Nor will they be responsible to any party, as they will be responsible not to the council or any part of it, but only to their constituents; and judging from the course of elections so far as they have proceeded at present, elections will be decided wholly by local influence, without any reference to the measures that a candidate has supported or opposed. Under these circumstances the burden of loyalty to the government imposed on its members may well become unbearable, and without such loyalty, government will be impossible. If the position of members of the government is difficult, far worse is that of the governor. He is not to 'occupy the

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position of a purely constitutional governor who is bound to accept the decision of his Ministers.' They will gladly avail themselves of his trained advice on administrative questions, he will meet their wishes to the fullest possible extent where they have the support of public opinion — that is, I suppose, of effective voters. But he is to refuse assent to their proposals when the results of acquiescence would clearly be serious. He is to beware of his Ministers' inexperience; but is not to refuse all his Ministers' proposals. He is in fact to combine the parts of the Governor-General and the Prime Minister of Canada, only the population he has to rule over will be eight times as numerous, far more heterogeneous and infinitely more ignorant of politics. He will not be able to appeal to any political party for support, and he will hardly be able to resign without disgrace. He will not have any experience of India; but he will at least have the assistance of the instructions that a Secretary of State in council will have the pleasant labor of drafting. It has at times been supposed that Indian governorships are not as attractive as could be wished. The authors of the report hardly make them more so.

However the government of a province is constituted, it is obvious that it must have the power of procuring such legislation as it requires for the discharge of its responsibilities. The governor assisted by his councilors is responsible for all reserved subjects including the peace and tranquillity of his province. He must therefore be able to procure the enactment of such laws as are essential for the discharge of this responsibility, against the wishes of the legislative council. To do this he will certify that a Bill dealing with reserved subjects is necessary, in doing which he will have to comply with the instructions to governors already referred to. If the council think the certificate is not justified they can appeal to the Government of India to cancel it. If it is not canceled the Bill will automatically be referred to a Grand Committee of the council, containing from 40 to 50 per cent of its strength; of these the governor will nominate a bare majority, of whom not more than a third are officials, and the balance elected by the elected members. This committee may modify the Bill and will report it to the council, by whom it will be debated but not amended except on the motion of a member of the executive council, and it will then pass automatically. The council will have a right to pass a resolution recording any objections they have to the measure, which will be forwarded with the Bill to the governor and the Secretary of State, who will have power to reject it, as they can any other. The result of this complicated plan is that to carry a necessary but unpopular Bill through a council of 100, the governor must get six non-officials (there will, it seems, be fifteen official members) chosen with a view to the representation of affected interests, to support him as regards all the essential elements of the Bill. I am told by those who have had recent experience in such matters that it is quite possible that this support might not be forthcoming; but I cannot express any opinion on the matter as I have no experience of legislative councils of my own. However, I may refer to page 19 of the report, where an account is given of the passage of the Defense of India Bill in the Indian Legislative Council, concluding with the following passage:

> The Bill was naturally rather a severe trial to the Indian elected members; as loyal members they supported its principle; but they made no secret of their aversion to particular provisions, and moved many

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amendments against which the Government used its official majority without hesitation as they would have destroyed the efficacy of the Bill.

If this is what happened at Delhi on the outbreak of the war, what may we expect of Calcutta or Madras in more normal times?

The prevailing shortage of paper — this is one of the abnormal conditions under which criticism of this momentous report has to be conducted — prevents my dealing with the provisions for enabling the governor to procure the money that he considers necessary for the proper performance of his duties in respect of the reserved subjects. But shortly it may be said that in a province where expenses are increasing, as will generally be the case, he may find himself in the position of having to insist on his own way against the whole of his council except the official members. His regular budget is safe, unlike that of the Chancellor of the Exchequer; but if he wants any addition to it, which may well be a more urgent as it will be a more frequent need than that for ordinary legislation, he may have to fight for it during every year of his tenure of office with all the means the law allows him.

The last point that I can attempt to notice is the position that is henceforth to be occupied by the Indian Civil Service. Hitherto the basis of the Government of India has been the district officer, the Englishman of from thirty to forty-five who is the head of a district containing a million or so of inhabitants, who is ultimately responsible for the execution of all government orders. Hitherto he has been generally considered as responsible for the cure of all the temporal evils that afflict his district and for the promotion of every scheme that may improve it. Henceforth that is to cease. If a man wants anything that government can provide, and that is a great deal, he is to apply for it to his representative on a local board or in the provincial government. He will probably not have a vote for either; but that does not matter in comparison with the experience he will gain in the working of responsible government. The district officer will thus lose what is certainly the most attractive part of his work, which he has hitherto performed with an efficiency that has secured for his service the reputation that it bears. He will, however, retain other duties of the first importance in executing the orders of the provincial government in regard to both reserved and transferred subjects. The government will be one; but it is quite possible that the councilors and Ministers may be tempted, as the report says, to pull different ways. If the government policy relating to provincial taxation, local governments, the minor forests, fisheries (a prolific source of crime in Bengal), or excise, should not be consistent with that adopted in relation to the maintenance of law and order or land revenue, which is much the same as taxation, the district officer must do his best. At present in a case where his powers are doubtful he will probably not suffer if his superior officers consider that he acted with care and discretion. Henceforth he must be more cautious, as he will have to consider the opinions of two sets of officers. Hitherto the civil service has been with a few practically negligible exceptions an English service. Henceforth it is to be at least one third, increasing to nearly half, Indian. Three years ago Lord Islington's Commission recommended the appointment of Indians in the proportion of 25 per cent. The proposed increase is partly due to the delay in effecting this change — a kind

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of interest on a deferred payment — and partly to the introduction of the new policy — that, namely, of helping Indians on the way to that responsible government of which they have hitherto had no experience. The position of the English officer will admittedly be more difficult than it has been. 'He will stand aside more from the work of carrying out orders, and assume the position of a skilled consultant.' He will fit Indians to take their place beside him; he will have to convince rather than direct, and prevail in council rather than enforce an order. He will be exposed to 'vehement and sometimes ignorant abuse,' but he may henceforth defend himself (independently of his superiors, it seems) and 'may explain and persuade and argue and refute.' But how will a young man learn how to do all this? He will come out at twenty-one or twenty-two and may serve the whole of his career under Indian colleagues. His efficiency may suffer — 'the Moloch of efficiency' as a popular orator has described it — but that is a consideration of secondary importance to helping India to advance to responsible government.

Such are a few of the points on which I suggest that the scheme put forward in the report breaks down, not because of any want of knowledge of the facts of the case or of any care in the application of that knowledge; but because the main principle of the report, 'the faith that is in us,' is at fault. The difficulties caused by a double government are obvious and freely admitted; but the announcement of the 20th of August postulated that they could be got over; so that question is settled. The clothes may seem not to fit; but we said they would, so they do. From the first we have made an ever-recurring mistake in governing India — namely, supposing that what prevails in England will suit India. We made it, as regards religion, when we supposed that Hinduism was a withering plant and that all India would soon be Christian; we made it as regards education, when we provided schools and universities on English models; we made it in regard to land tenures, when we made the Permanent Settlement in Bengal. Lord Chelmsford and Mr. Montagu now propose to make the same mistake again on an unparalleled scale. What is the penalty of failure? No one can measure it. The Government of India is very strong in the sense that it has extraordinary powers; but it is very weak in the sense that it works with a very narrow margin of safety. How narrow that margin is will, I have no doubt, be seen when the report of Mr. Justice Rowlatt's Committee is published. I may remark parenthetically that I have no doubt that the delay in the publication of that report is capable of an unanswerable explanation; but I am sure that its contents will not surprise anyone who has had even the small experience that I have had of the lawlessness of Bengal in matters altogether unconnected with politics. I cannot give details here; but can only say that, judging by normal English standards, savagery in Bengal is very near the surface even in normal times.

The criticisms I have to offer here are all destructive, and the more destructive they are the better I shall be pleased. It does not follow that persons who may agree with the views I have tried to express have no alternative scheme to propose. The Government of India is and has been progressive to an astonishing extent. I can give chapter and verse for it in my own line. My own feelings for India generally, and my progressive Bengali friends in particular, lead me

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to hope that the present rate of progress may be accelerated; but in order to avoid a secular calamity I am sure that that progress must be made on lines that are consistent with history and the inherited aptitudes of the Indian peoples — which I am confident that the system of government that we know as responsible government is not.

The Nineteenth Century and After

THE TEST

BY OSWALD WILDRIDGE

III—*Continued*

GRAY'S confession, it will readily be seen, left a good many gaps, and Macdonald pounced upon them, one after another. But Gray had no mercy on himself, and countered him at every turn, insisting that the portrait was faithful — none of its tones too high. Why, even that great master-stroke, his transfer from sail to steam, was inspired by a spirit of cowardly subservience to the First Law. He knew how people had praised him for his acumen, his foresight, making him out to be one of the seers whose vision had predicated the decline of the windjammer and the triumph of the steam-driven craft; but it was n't that at all. He took to steam simply because he perceived that the steamer in its development was going to be the safer craft. Thinking of his own skin again. Ambition indeed! Self-preservation was his only law.

Afterwards, when time for reflection was given him, time for analytical dissection, Macdonald was astonished beyond measure by the paradox with which he was confronted. Above everything else did it seem to him that Gray's physical cowardice was much less remarkable than the moral courage of his self-exposure. Even granting the truth of his indictment, the man, without knowing it, was superb. It was hardly conceivable that it was himself he was attacking; that it was he, Dixon Gray, who was the prisoner at the bar, himself at once the accuser and the judge. He was so resolute also in his verdict. Without mercy. Fatalistic too. He had made up his mind that one of these days he would go too far. Nothing could shake that conviction. There would be disaster. Even if he kept his life his name would go. He would betray his real self; be held up to the derision of the world as one of those who put life before character, before everything. 'Do you know, Mac,' he said, lowering his voice impressively, 'that when that packet hurled herself out of the fog. I could have screamed? Like one of those Dagoes who are always the first to start a panic. And I shall do it one of these days. You'll see. It's one of the awful things that paralyzes me — that unborn scream with which I shall proclaim myself for what I am.'

And so he had resolved on action while there was still time. Self-respect had vanished long ago, but he would

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go on posing; if he could n't have the substance he would have the shadow. And when this voyage came to an end he was going to leave the sea. Did n't know what he would do. He would have to turn to something for a living. That was imperative. Perhaps he would buy a farm. Though even on the land he supposed he would find more ghosts to scare. Still, he must take the risk. Anything was better than the life he was leading. To leave the sea he was determined, and no amount of talk would turn him from that purpose.

'Unless ye find a cure for your complaint in the meantime,' the chief dryly suggested, giving his words such a twist that Gray was compelled to ask what he was driving at.

'Naething that I'm going t' tell,' Macdonald stubbornly responded. 'I've been mightily interested in what you've told me, an' ye have ma sympathy, but at present I havena got a satisfying grip o' your case, and I'd rather resarve ma judgment than pronounce a verdict I'd have t' reverse. I'm no' keen on second thochts. When I tackle a job I like t' finish it. At present, so far as I can see, your case is no' so hopeless as ye seem t' fancy, an' wi' a bit o' luck you'll find a cure. Only, I'm no' prescribing. There's some cures that can only be found by looking for, an' some you'll never find wi' seeking. They come unbidden, in their own time an' way. Ye'll have t' bide.' And beyond that cryptic saying he refused to go. Only, as he was leaving the cabin, he turned about and, with a sagacious nod of the head, reminded the young captain that much might happen between the beginning and the end of a voyage. 'You can never tell,' he added. 'I've seen mair than one life twisted upside down in a quarter of an hour.' Over his shoulder he fired a final warning. 'The sea has a powerful grip, laddie. I'm no' sure about her letting you go.'

IV

Of the power of its grip, the sea, in its own inexorable fashion, proceeded to give convincing proof. His cargo discharged at Montreal, Captain Gray was ordered to take his ship in ballast to New York, where a freight for the Bermudas awaited him. Thence he went back to the Hudson, and now, instead of loading for one of the home ports, he was sent off on the long trail to the Pacific. But in spite of the delay, through all the dragging hours he kept faith with himself. So far from weakening under the sapping attack of Time, as Macdonald secretly hoped, his resolution steadily hardened — was firmer at the end than the beginning. The cruise became stamped as The Voyage of the Last Things. When the Argonaut steamed out of Valparaiso harbor he rejoiced that at length he had struck the homeward track; at the end of that tremendous beat round the Horn, as the black headland dropped astern, repellent as ever, a grim symbol of challenge to all seafarers, he confided to the chief his sense of gratitude that Cape Stiff had no more bad dreams to give him; when they rounded the Northwest Lightship into the Mersey he breathed deeply and murmured his thanksgiving: 'The river. The finish. A sailor no more. Done with the sea forever — and the terror — and the risk.' And so when the ship was comfortably tucked away in dock and the crew had been paid off, he professed to be greatly amused by the thought that if ever he trusted himself to the sea again it would be as a passenger.

'Ye mean t' bide by your fool's notion, then,' Macdonald demanded, almost fiercely, whereupon Gray took an envelope from his locker and held it up. 'There's nothing on earth will stop

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me,' he insisted. 'There it is, signed and sealed. My resignation. I'm going to the owners now. In an hour I'll be adrift.'

'Then,' Macdonald declared, 'I'm taking back what I said aboot finding a cure for — your complaint. There won't be any cure when you've handed in your ticket. You'll be a hopeless case.'

For the first time in their comradeship they ceased to be friendly. All the softer lines in Macdonald's face grew hard, his eyes flashed a message of censure, his tight-set lips held back a flood of stinging words. Half a dozen of those words released would probably have hurled them apart, kept them apart forever, but in time Macdonald recognized the explosive peril of speech and not one of them escaped. 'I'll bide till ye're ready, and we'll go ashore in company,' he said, and nothing more. Together then, a little later, they passed down the gangway, in silence they threaded the twisting path of the wharves, and when they reached the gates they faced about and Macdonald held out his hand. 'Here's good-bye and good luck,' he said; 'and if ever you're in need of a friend either wi' advice or the helping hand, you'll no' need t' think twice aboot where t' look for him.'

'In spite of the fact that I'm a——'

'Because of the fact,' Macdonald gravely corrected, 'that I've found you a likable lad, even though ye have got one varra foolish weakness which ye might outgrow if ye'd give yersel' a chance. Till we docked the boat I'd hopes, but I maun confess that your bit paper has knocked them all into Kingdom Come.'

Thus, on the flags in front of the grimy Customs House they parted, Macdonald bearing away for the station with his sister's home in Aberdeenshire as his ultimate goal, and Dixon Gray for the office in Water Street, where an hour's wordy contest left the head of the firm bewildered and disappointed, and Gray a free man. He had yet to learn, however, that freedom was not power. Indeed, by degrees he painfully discovered that life had a large stock of surprises in store, and one of these it presented ten months later when it set the feet of the captain and the engineer upon converging tracks, and once more threw them up against each other at Liverpool hard by the gates of Wapping Dock. Looking neither to the right hand nor the left, his thoughts apparently in the clouds, Gray would have passed through without seeing his old comrade, but the heavy clap of a hand on the shoulder brought him sharply round, and there was Alec Macdonald again, his face aglow, the shine in his eyes proclaiming his joy. And Gray also declared himself glad, delighted beyond measure, though even a child would have detected the fact that his assurances were tainted by an element of restraint which suggested that the meeting was not altogether to his liking. But Macdonald's friendship was too real to be lightly spurned, too rich also for such a mood to live for longer than a hasty moment, and in a trice they were shaking hands for the second time over the chance that had cast them together again.

'You'll observe that I've resumed the livery, Mac,' said the captain, calling attention to his sea togs, and in response to the chief's question he nodded his head.

Yes, that was it — he had returned to the sea. Not because he had found its call too powerful for resistance, but because the land had rejected his overtures. It would not have him. He had been defeated — badly. He had learned that it was one thing to plan a new start in life and quite another thing to

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carry the purpose into effect. Though he ought to have known. There was nothing he was cut out for now except looking after a ship. The sea had made him one of its slaves. He had knocked at all sorts of doors and found everyone locked. Nobody wanted him. How could they? —an untrained man. Why should they want him — with labor so plentiful and berths so few? He had left no stone unturned, no door untried — all manner of trades and professions — but he could not point to a single job that he was fit to take up or able to wait until he could make it keep him. And so he had come back to the sea and the life from which he had fled.

'And the firm's given ye another ship.' Macdonald took that for granted. 'Of course, they'd be mighty glad. They always set a lot of store by you. But, man, why did n't they let you have the old Argonaut. Yon's an awfu' skipper that's sailing her now.'

'The firm!' Gray laughed bitterly. 'They had found they could do without me. They saw no reason to doubt that I was still a very fine fish, but they had discovered others in the sea equally good.'

'D' ye mean t' tell me that they turned you doon?' Macdonald flared.

'I mean to tell you that they regretted there were no vacancies, but they would put my name on their waiting list. Only, the awkward part is that your name on a list won't give you a square meal, nor find you in togs and shoe leather, nor make a bed for you to sleep in; and so, after waiting longer than I had any fancy for, I've taken the only thing that offered. A wretched old tub. She's been lying over at Birkenhead for months — condemned — crow's foot painted on her hull by the Board of Trade. And, seeing that she's not equal to the lowest British standard, she's found salvation under a foreign flag. Used to be known as the Sea Pearl, and now she's the Nan-Ling. I'm fitting her out for the China Sea. What d' ye say to having a look at the brute. I've five minutes' business here, and then I'm going across the river.'

Here, then, is the record of Gray's return to the sea, or, at any rate, the skeleton of the story. The bones he clothed with flesh on the passage out, for it happened that a week after their meeting Macdonald entered the cabin of the 'brute,' and, placing his bag on the table, proceeded with mock solemnity to introduce himself.

'I've come aboard, sir. Ma name's Alexander Macdonald, an' I'm fra Aberdeenshire. There's ma ticket if ye want t' see it, an' I'm th' newengineer.'

A moment of bewildered silence, and then Gray broke into a storm of protest. 'You must n't think of it, Mac. You must n't do it. Giving up the Argonaut for this lump of bagwash. And all for ——'

By way of indicating that he had come aboard to stay, Macdonald calmly hung up his hat and coat. 'Dinna fash yersel',' he said. 'I've seen waur boats than this. And I wanted a change. Yon skipper of the Argonaut — he's an awfu' man.' An hour later, down in the gloomy depths of the engine-room, grimly surveying the machinery which now lay in his keeping, he repeated the first clause of his verdict. 'Ay, ay, I've seen waur ships, though I dinna call to mind where; an' I've forgot their names. But she's a maist interesting craft, and I can see some graund possibeelities in the trip. There's even a chance of the skipper finding a cure for his old complaint.'

V

Having made one profession of faith in the potentialities of the great god Chance aboard the Argonaut as she

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worried over the waste of the Grand Banks, and a second in the engine-room of the Nan-Ling at Birkenhead, Macdonald, so far as I am aware, paid no further court to the deity until Dixon Gray and he had thrashed about the Orient for a trifle over a year. And then one night on Dane's Island, halfway between the store and the jetty, he called upon the stars to bear witness that 'the skipper had got his chance at last.' After which he prayed that 'the laddie might be kept fra playing the fool,' and so passed on to the boat and was rowed out to the ship. He was clearly well pleased, if not with himself, at any rate with circumstance, and all because in their Odyssey they had been led to that fragment of volcanic rock and sand and matted jungle which is known to the sailors of the Eastern seas as Dane's Island — a name which, by the way, bears no relationship to the one that marks it on the map. As for its place, it lies within a circle whose line might touch Luzon at the top and the Banda Straits at the bottom, with Saigon and Gilolo on opposite sides; and it is indebted for its fame, as well as its name, to the settlement upon it of Stephen Dane, the trader who managed in the course of years to win for his store a measure of renown as high as that of Andrew Dougal in Silver Alley at Liverpool.

This brings me then to that sinister day when the Nan-Ling, her hatches battened down, a fair head of steam showing in her gauges, lay to an anchor in the harbor at Swatow awaiting the order of release. But her captain showed no fancy for the open sea, and while his crew of nondescripts hid themselves away from the throttling heat, he spent quite half his time in front of the barometer in his cabin. And he was frowning at the portentous proclamation on the dial when Macdonald descended upon him.

'I'm thinking,' the chief engineer said, 'that if we're no' likely to get under way I'll clean masel' up and have a spell ashore. There's a man I'd like t' see.'

'I'm staying where I am,' Gray sullenly snapped. 'Look at the glass. Did you ever see such a drop? And still falling. Three sixteenths in an hour. Who'd leave a safe harbor in face of that — especially in these waters. Just fancy pitching yourself into a cyclonic storm in Formosa Straits. Sheer madness. Besides,' as though he were defending himself against attack, 'I'm not the only one. There are half a dozen skippers who won't face what's coming any more than me.'

'Oh, that's all right,' Macdonald airily replied. 'I'm not setting masel' up in the seat o' judgment. You're the skipper, and you ought t' know. And it's no business o' mine. Though I might mak' free t' mention that opinion seems t' be divided, if it's true what some o' the boys are saying aboot a junk going down the river this morning — not twelve hours sin'. Without the wind, too. Had her sweeps oot. Not that it signifies that much, for mebbe she'd only be going round the corner.'

'Junks!' Gray's lip curled scornfully. 'What have I got to do with such craft? If some ridiculous Chink thinks fit to commit suicide it's no concern of mine. I have to make my own laws. Though I suppose that whatever I do will be wrong. That's the way of the sea — its gross unfairness. I'm wasting time by sheltering in port, and if I take the ship out and lose her I'll stand a jolly good chance of having my ticket canceled — providing I don't get lost myself into the bargain.'

'Ah weel,' drawled Macdonald as he turned away, 'it's your toss. And, of course, if it's the ship you're thinking aboot ——' He checked his speech as he saw the blood rush swiftly into

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Gray's face, but whether the thrust were intended or not, the words had sped upon their shattering course, and he made no attempt to divert them. As for his stay ashore it only lasted an hour, and he explained his speedy return as dictated by expediency rather than by choice. 'There's no telling when the blaw 'll begin,' he said, 'and I thought I'd better get aboard while I could.'

Grumbling about the sweltering discomfort of everything, he stretched himself out on the settee and lay for a quarter of an hour with his eyes closed, while Gray lounged back in his chair, his body limp and resistless, overwhelmed by the atmospheric oppression, the furnace heat, the breathlessness, his brain dominated by an odd medley of thoughts. At that moment, indeed, thought was the only force with any virility; for the rest, life seemed to have become suspended, it was just as though in all the world there was nothing but a tremendous silence. And so he abandoned himself willingly to a spell of brooding inertia, and when at last the calm was disturbed by a dull booming, something familiar and close at hand, he did nothing more than glance indifferently at Macdonald and wonder why he should have thought it worth while to worry himself with talk. About that junk, too — that preposterous Chinese junk. As if the thing could have the slightest interest for anybody aboard the Nan-Ling. It was so utterly unlike old Mac to give way to these fancies, but no doubt this maddening heat had upset him, knocked him off his balance. The first fact picked out by Gray's drowsy listening was that Macdonald suspected something fishy about the junk. Not that he knew anything for certain — nothing beyond a few scraps of gossip he had pieced together, odds and ends picked up here and there, some on board and some ashore. He was afraid that without intent he had been playing the eavesdropper, and probably there was nothing in the business, nothing to worry about. Though he could n't get away from the yarn Ah Fang had been spinning to him. But for that he would have put the whole rigmarole down for an empty Oriental fable. And even Ah Fang was n't above suspicion. Anyhow, granting that everything was true, it was most unlikely that the junk would ever get through the blow that was coming on. And he hoped it would n't, for he would be most desperately sorry if anything happened to old man Dane.

'Dane!' The name was charged with volcanic power. At one stroke all Dixon Gray's lethargy was shattered, the man converted to a palpitating note of interrogation. 'Dane!' he repeated, bolt upright now in his chair. 'What has your blessed junk got to do with him? What's the riddle, anyhow?'

By the widening of his eyes Macdonald proclaimed his astonishment at the outburst. '*Ma certes*, man,' he retorted, 'but you're like a Chinese firework, off ye flare as soon as ye feel the touch of the match. An' what, I'd like t' know, is Stephen Dane t' you? One might think he owed you some money. As for what I've heard mebbe it was nonsensical balderdash, that being the case wi' maist of the things ye hear; but all the same it fits in pretty well with some of the queer doings in these parts. As I've told you, I only picked up a few bits o' shakings, the interpretation thereof being that the junk's one of them piratical craft, and she's skippered by Mister Chung Won. An' I need n't remind ye of the manner of man he is. Sort o' first-class devil. Terror o' the seas. Anything else ye like, so long as ye put plenty of hot stuff in. As for the port he's bound for and the plan he's working by, I'll

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fetch Ah Fang, and ye can have it yourself at first hand. I've nae doot that a Crown Coonsel 'd be able t' pick his evidence t' pieces, but it's the maist that seems t' be available.'

A swift glance as he left the cabin showed him that in the space of a few seconds the captain's face had turned a dusky tinge, that his eyes were ablaze with the fires of incredulity and horror; but Macdonald paid no further heed, and was soon back again with the Chinaman, who proved anything but a docile witness, and chiefly animated by a panicky sense of concern for his own safety.

'Me Klistian. Me velly good Chinaman. Klistian Chinaman,' he nervously protested when Macdonald bade him 'tip his yarn about Chung Won and his junk.' His eyes darting from one man to the other, fingers nervously twisting and twining, he sought refuge in a profession of complete ignorance. 'Me no catchee catchee anything. Men talkee talkee. Ah Fang listen. That all. No savvy.'

'And what was it you heard when you listened?' Gray demanded. 'Come out with it. You'll not get hurt for the truth, but — if you lie!'

The pause was charged with terrific threat, and Ah Fang knew it. Still washing his hands with invisible soap, his eyes never at rest, he plunged into a rambling, tangled tale. 'Men talkee talkee at Kling's las' night. Say Chung Won velly bad man, him pilate, shoot an' chop chop with long piecee knife. Take women away. Always cally women off. Chung Won muchee muchee chief. Him going to Dane Island to kill Mista Dane. Men say Dane velly lich. Plenty heap money. Big box. Heap money bellied. Pilate take allee money and killee people, but not killee women. Pilate plenty big fellow. Him strong. Muchee muchee pilate.' Ah Fang spread out his hands fanwise and shook his head dolorously. 'Him kill and burn. No more store. No Dane. Allee same gone.'

At the end of a cross-examination, on which even the Attorney-General might have plumed himself, the Chinaman glided silently away, and Macdonald pronounced a counsel of despair. 'If the beggar's telling the truth, and the junk weathers the storm, it's all up with Dane. For there's naething t' be done. By rights the old man ought t' be warned, but there is n't a gunboat within saxty miles, and the island does n't run to a telegraph wire. So I s'pose he'll just have t' tak' his chance. The wonder is that they have n't tried it on lang before. He's no right to have pitched his camp on such a howling wilderness of a God-forsaken spot.'

That this was intended for his final word Macdonald showed by the way he settled in the corner of the settee, evidently prepared to take his ease. But it was the last moment of idleness he was destined to know for many crowded hours. For a few seconds Gray made no sound — simply stood there brooding, staring through the port without seeing anything, the hard moulding of his face, his whole bearing that of a man grappling with a crisis of magnitude. And then, suddenly, he became galvanized into passionate activity. 'What's your steam-pressure, Mac?' he sharply demanded, and was told that 'there could be a full head in an hour.'

'Then, in half an hour I'll get the anchor,' he announced. 'And I'll want you to shake your old box of tricks up for all they're worth,' he added.

'D'ye mean t' tell me ——'

'That we're going to sea.'

Bewilderment stamped on his face, Macdonald slowly rose. 'But,' he ventured, 'look at the glass,' and found that he had fired a mine.

'Damn the glass!' Gray hotly cried.

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'There are worse things at sea than bad weather. Man alive, what do you take me for? Think of that junk. If it should reach Dane's Island first. All that it means.'

Two hours later the Nan-Ling was shouldering her way heavily through a sullen sea, while her captain paced the bridge and the mate yapped fretfully against the scheme of things. 'If the old tub stands this she'll stand anything. That glass. Five sixteenths, sir. In an hour. Never saw such a rapid drop before. Though that is n't all. There's this,' and he waved his hand around. 'You can almost taste it.'

The gesture was eloquently expressive. It embraced all that Gray was seeing and feeling. That profound calm, the flatness of the sea, its tremendous flatness, without a ripple or a curl, without anything except its feeble labored lift, no life in it, its very movement suggesting impotence rather than energy. For it was so unlike the sea. That was the disconcerting truth — its unlikeness. There was its color too, patches dull as the skin of a mummy, vast flakes of lustreless brass; the sky that seemed to have lost its height and in the deadness of its tones was like the sea; the windlessness, the air that scorched as the breath of Tophet.

Again and again the mate lifted up his voice in querulous complaint, but I doubt whether Gray heard a word of it. All his thought, his watchfulness, were concentrated on that menacing immensity and its allied powers not yet revealed; and he was watching with the grim, resolute purpose of one bent on wresting from the foe its secret, compelling it to expose its hand, its design, and its resources. And in the end he had his reward. When Nature changed her expression, like a woman passing from sullen brooding to the fierce passion of uncontrollable wrath, his eyes were on her face and he knew that the hour of trial was at hand. Into the bronze a purple tinge subtly crept, the edge of the horizon deepened to a dingy umber, and Gray turned to the mate with a string of orders. 'Better have the decks cleared,' he said. 'All loose stuff stowed away. Extra lashings on everything. Life-lines rigged up. Then come back here and stand by.'

VI

For himself, or about himself, as he waited on the bridge of the Nan-Ling for the impending onslaught, Dixon Gray had no thought. Nor had he any taste for an excursion into the realm of self-analysis. His attention was surrendered absolutely to his ship and his mission. Was the steamer equal to the call that was about to be made upon her? Would he reach the island in time? Beyond these two problems there were none others that mattered. Even in that terrific hour when the tempest leaped upon them out of the ocean night's black throat, and he clung to the bridge-rail alone, lost in abysmal gloom, solid walls of water sheering athwart his course, he had no other thought — simply to hold on and accomplish the task he had taken up. Once, about halfway through the night, just as he had left the shelter of the wheel-house for the tremendous tumult outside, he felt his arm tightly gripped, and the voice of Macdonald clamored by his ear, many of his words picked from his lips by the wind and swept away. 'Eh man, captain, is it you? What? This — wind — throttles everything. Thought — see — how getting along. It's awfu' below. Hoo — up here?' Sharp and confident came the response: 'First-rate, Mac. Nothing — worry about. Worse to come — lot worse, but — old boat facing it finely — so far — and ——' The crash of another comber on the deck applied a full point to his statement,

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and the two men clung to each other in the darkness until the flood had swirled away. 'That's what — like up here,' Gray grimly bellowed. 'And — nothing to what we're steaming to meet. Cyclone, you know — circular — may run through the edge — or — hit it — centre.'

'All right.' The chief relaxed his grip. 'Drive her through it — if —like. I'll no mind — fetch t'other side. — Seen enough up here t' satisfy me. Awa' back — drier shop.'

He had seen enough to satisfy. Though Gray caught the words he missed their double meaning; fancied that Macdonald spoke only of the storm. And he had greater work to do than spread himself out in idle chatter. He was the captain — the man on whom everything depended, success or disaster, life or death. He was supremely conscious of the fact, conscious in a way which marked the moment out from any other. Many times before had he realized his power, but always as a burdensome yoke. Now it gave him a sense of exaltation; he was proud of it, gloried in his responsibility. There was much to be done out here in the raging waste of the China Sea, and he was the man to do it. I do not mean that he thought all this or any of it, rather did he feel it, his kingship. For once he was sure of himself. Whatever doubt oppressed him was of the ship. He knew her age, her frailties, her decrepitude; knew that he must drive her to the limit of her endurance, demand as much from her as from a ship of the highest register.

That this phase of the tempest was but the prelude to the real onslaught he was assured. Experience, coupled with his study of the Law of Storms, afforded no loophole for comforting doubt. Nor was he tricked by the manner of the attack. Some men would have said that Nature had descended to a bluff, the sort of thing to fool a novice; but the moment Gray was sure of the fact, that brief slackening in the wind's persistence, he clambered up the slant of the bridge with a warning for the mate.

'Look alive, Marquis,' he cried, making a trumpet of his hands, 'this is n't the beginning of the end. It's the beginning of the start. The real thing now.'

That was all. His counsel of caution. His message delivered, he sidled away again; and Marquis, peering into the tenebrous environment, picked him out vaguely etched against the background of the night, fronting the storm, watching it, waiting for the advance of its reserve battalions. For every man aboard the night thenceforward was one of appalling isolation. They ceased to be a community, were converted into separate units; there was nothing they could be said to share except their peril. To the two on the bridge, the captain and his mate, all communication was denied; they might have been miles apart, were not really conscious of each other's presence, neither had any assurance of the other's survival. Even in the wheel-house and down in the engine-room the men were sundered entities, working only in unison by instinct and long training; while the crew, penned in their quarters, were in still worse case. For the others at least there was work to do, while these had laid upon them the nerve-racking task of waiting. They were held in the toils of the unseen and the unknown. Their world had lost its stability, its certainties; there was little left except that frantic tumult of motion, the pitch and roll of the ship, the straining of the hull as she rose, its grinding quiver when she dived, and the bared propeller, wrenched from the sea and thrust aloft, broke into a maddened race; and to all these again there was added the smothered crash as fragments of the

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ship were torn adrift by wind and sea, — as if their home, their refuge, was being rent asunder.

Disruption, annihilation piecemeal, this seemed to be the destiny of the Nan-Ling, the menace which impelled her captain to grope for the engine-room tube and hurl a disjointed message down its metallic throat. 'How — doing — Mac? Bad. Very. Sounds as though ship — going — pieces. If only — could see. Everything —breaking adrift. But — go ahead — Dane's Island. You know — those pirates. Can't think — stand that.' This was his dominant thought, the master-passion that inspired him. The defeat of a malevolent design. That was how it stood with him in those ebonized hours of blindness, and his will remained unaltered when vision was restored by the dawn and he saw what the wind and sea had done to his ship. As all the concealed outlines emerged from absolute nothingness into blurred reality, he was amazed that any craft could have suffered such havoc and yet remain afloat. The Nan-Ling was unrecognizable. Above the water-line nothing looked to be the same. She had lost her identity. Twenty-four hours ago he would have asserted his power to pick her out among a hundred craft, but now she was a stranger. Yesterday she was one of the shabby genteels, and now she was a guttersnipe. Forward, the starboard rail from the fo'c'sle to the waist had vanished, and to balance this another length on the port quarter was missing, only some spiky jags suggesting that there had ever been a rail at all. Of the boats, the davits had nothing to show except a few trails of rope streaming out to leeward, but the extra lashings of the one he had kept in chocks on the deck had luckily held. The stanchions might have been pin-wire, so little resistance had they exercised; and the deck was almost bare.

Nor was there any token of this being the end. The dawn had merely given them vision without safety or the promise of it. The world was still filled with passion — a roystering distraction of crashing seas and ravening wind; and as for the Nan-Ling, all he could claim with certitude was that, so far, she had not failed him. But by noon he detected a weakening in the assault, and when night again enfolded them, he knew that he had beaten at least one of the foes for which he had risked so much. But only one. The secret of the junk and her crew was still hidden, and the Nan-Ling having survived one test, he now subjected her to another. She had proved her strength, and now she must give him speed. Through the storm he had concentrated all his skill and energy on the conquest of his elemental foe, now he focused everything on the subjugation of space. He lived not for the voyage, but for the goal. All other interests, desires, duties, he barred outside, right to the very end of the hazardous enterprise, to that point of time when the mellow harmonies of the ocean night were shattered by the rasp of the anchor chain as it rushed through the hawse-pipe.

His landfall was in itself a tribute to his seamanship — a thing of magnificent exactitude. There was no beating about in search of bearings. An hour before midnight, the moon riding high in the heavens, the cry of 'Land-ho!' rang cheerily out, and there, dead ahead, the island's puny peak lay like a wisp of cloud on the rim of the ocean plain.

'We were making for it,' said Lanty Sanderson afterwards, 'as true as a bullet from a gun.'

After his own fashion Macdonald tried to say the same thing in a different way; but he might as well have addressed himself to the knighthead, for

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Gray was straining his eyes to read the message of the roadstead and the shore, and long before he had put the ship to an anchor the patched-up boat was swung out ready for his service.

'Don't fancy the look of things a bit, Mac!' he gloomily declared. 'Not a ship in the bay. Which means that if those devils have been here, they've had matters all their own way. And then there's the island — did you ever set eyes on such a dead-looking spot?'

Blackwood's Magazine

(*To be concluded*)

A ROMANCE OF NAPOLEON*

EXCEPT for a strange propaganda book, which served to interpret German militarism to us at a moment when the public mind was almost a blank with stupefied amazement as to what such a phenomenon could possibly mean in the year of grace 1914, Cramb — known to a very small circle as an eloquent lecturer at Queen Margaret College, an occasional orator at the Staff College, and an enthusiast of Lord Roberts and national service — was an obscure and virtually unknown author. The timeliness of his study on *Germany and England* gave that work a celebrity it could in no other way have attained, so that the present book — which emerges, as it were, from his tomb — represents the climax of the author's achievement.

To throw a searchlight upon the mind of Napoleon during a few typical days of his career is a feat of considerable temerity. The masters of fiction, from Scott downwards, have evaded the task; Cramb competes more nearly with the historians. If he succeeds in giving us a closer image of the cerebration of Napoleon than anybody else, it is by the effective use of the historic method. The work may fail completely to cohere as a work of fiction; but if Napoleon's long soliloquy in the middle of the book succeeds in convincing us of its sincerity and truth — and this we are inclined to think (*tour de force* though it is) that it does better than any mental picture by Foy, Masson, Vandal, Fournier, Lenz, Lanfrey, or even Taine — then we are bound to admit that *Schönbrunn*, with all its faults, has considerable claims upon our attention. It is plain that the author has made a close study of Napoleon's letters and conversations. Few writers, if any, have given us a better idea of the external sensation produced by the Emperor than Charles Lever. Cramb hardly attempts this, but he gives us the reflective mind of the Emperor at work during three days in October, 1809, when Napoleon was at the zenith of his power. The foils of the Emperor's mentality are supplied by studied yet lifelike representations of Berthier, Rapp, Duroc, and Savary — and last, perhaps, with a visage unnaturally *patibulaire*. The still searing influence of the memory of Lannes affords one or two master touches to the recital. Besides representing a life study, the book probably communicates the writer's considered judgment as to the turning-point in Napoleon's career. Some would put it considerably earlier; but there is little doubt that by

* *Schönbrunn: A Romance of Napoleon* (published in America as *The Rule of Might*). By J. A. Cramb. (Putnam. 6*s*. net.)

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this time Napoleon had got himself into a position in which, as in an end game at chess, every move was forced. The central incident of the three days' tale is thus narrated by the historians:

> On the night of October 15, Napoleon left Schönbrunn, his departure having been hastened by an untoward incident. Three days previously, when reviewing the troops at Schönbrunn, a young man had tried to force his way into the Emperor's presence, and on being arrested was found to be armed with a long knife, with which he unhesitatingly declared he meant to murder the Emperor. This youth — Frederick Staps by name — still little more than a boy, was the son of a Protestant clergyman at Naumberg, and of a gentle and tranquil disposition, but the sufferings of his native land had filled him with such unutterable hatred of its oppressor that he had determined to seek his life. Napoleon at first thought the youth was mad, and was only reluctantly convinced by Staps himself of the deep-rooted animosity against him in Germany, and of the extent to which the country was already arming. When he asked Staps, 'Would you be grateful to me if I pardoned you?' he calmly replied, 'I would try again to kill you.' He was then shot in the greatest secrecy. The incident was hushed up, but if it happened to leak out, the police were to see to it that the would-be assassin was described as a madman.

Napoleon, as the story ends, returns in triumph to Paris, not without gloomy premonitions, but all unconscious of the fact that, within five years and less, the cause for which Staps died heroically would be triumphant. He had roused a spirit of nationalism against him, while he had dissociated himself from the local patriotism of France. In France could be detected the first symptoms of secret aversion for a ruler for whom France was no longer sufficient, a victor whose conquests were bought with French blood, but won in the interests — not of France — but of world dominion. Seeley's theory is adopted (and it is, indeed, almost inevitable) that he, and not the French people, was kindled to a frenzy in his hatred of England, he, the revolution *bottée*, had become an aristocrat and was becoming a dynast, talking peace while incarnating discord.

Thus Cramb, with inspiration drawn from Tolstoy (*War and Peace*) and Las Cases, escalades one of the great romantic themes of history, 'that invisible axis upon which time revolves,' not with fixed ideas, but in the *rôle* of an artist originating ideas. The 'element of work' in which Napoleon lived he has shared, and the resultant emerges towards life like one of Rodin's statues; Napoleon the disillusioned, the man of tragic destiny, the antagonist of the nations. In the background is a large canvas of Vienna, the Rahab among cities, masquerading while Austria was being vivisected, mocking its enemies while its bastions were blown to atoms at the whim of Napoleon, and abject under the insult, provoking the fine repartee, 'One cannot make concessions to the abject without derogating from the reverence we owe to the brave.' The fable of the fiction is not perhaps wholly apt or entirely congruous; the love affair, spluttering indeed with passion, yet hardly convincing in verisimilitude, fitting complement of a *succès d'estime*. One cherishes vignettes; the noon parade, Napoleon's ride, the assassin, Napoleon's dream, the address to the guard, Duroc listening to the Emperor's soliloquy, poet von Renzdorf and composer Beethoven, an impressive dialogue. Cramb was an admirer of Germans and he captivates our sympathy for the youthful Staps, who dies with a patriot's cry on his lips —'Liberty, Germany!'

The Times

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HOMEWARD BOUND

Savor of blown sea spray
On lips that dry to the wind,
Thoughts of the dockyards, thoughts of pay,
And of comrades left behind;
To the measure of bows that drive and dip,
Shiver and rise from each roaring crest,
We count the hours as the gallant ship
Speeds from the twilit West.

And it's ho! for the Longships, the Lizard and the Eddystone —
Hear the big screws thudding out their miles of milky foam?
See the Old Man on the bridge, watching for the Manacles,
Edging her nor'east a bit, full-speed for home?

Calmed by the land's embrace
The sea but sobs in sleep;
Here, with a sombre, spectral grace
Dusk hillsides flank the deep;
Slowly our white track dims and fades,
Slower the gray hull shears the tide,
Till like a ghost in a world of shades
To the harbor of home we glide.

Sing ho! we've passed the Longships, the Lizard and the Eddystone —
See the darker sky and smoke over Plymouth Town?
Tell them we've arrived; blow a blast and rouse them up a bit;
Hear the echoes answer? Hear the engines slacking down?

Now the tide laps and slips
Past our high bows, and soon,
Threading a maze of ships,
We follow the path of the moon;
Happy each soul on board to-night
As the deep gongs ring their welcome call,
And from aloft, by the binnacle-light,
The quiet orders fall.

Now the tender's spotted us sliding in through Cawsand Bay,
Heard us calling, seen our signal, watched us creeping past;
See the Batten eye a-gleaming, sending friendly winks at us?
Hear the cable running out? Home again at last!

Punch

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THE POETRY OF WARFARE—AND AFTER

BY EDMUND GOSSE, C.B.

We are to-day like railway passengers who find the train slowing into their destination before they realize that their journey is so nearly finished. Their point of interest instantly shifts from the carriage to the platform, and their thoughts are no longer centred on the incidents of their transit but on those which will follow their arrival. During the war we have all had essentially but one interest; there has now been an abrupt change, and our emotions are dispersed again. Reconstruction, in a mental sense, means the return of our energies to their normal spheres of action. Without adopting the wasteful trick of the prophet, we may — and indeed we must — consider how to resume the ancient allegiances. Among other duties in the reorganized world there must be taken into consideration the means by which we may recapture a balanced sense of the laws of beauty and justice. The poets must step in to help us, now that we hope to have time to listen to their aerial voices, to bathe in their Hellenic light.

Serenity of mind, and a sense of harmonious security, are not essential to the exercise of the poetic gift. But although the long strain of war has produced a considerable output of verse, that was not because it was war in itself, but because it was a means to that fair end, a civilized peace. There is nothing lyrical about anarchy, and Bolshevism will never bring forth poets. But the stagnation of utter calm is not less deadening than Bolshevism. A generation ago, in one European country — Norway — verse ceased to be written for some years, which were marked at the same time by a dearth of national excitement which was almost as complete. Probably in an entirely peaceful and level democracy, poetry might at length cease to excite any but artificial emotions. The elements of danger, of uncertainty, even of inequality, on the other hand, give stimulus to the poetic instincts of mankind, and lead up through the 'Marseillaise' and 'Rule Britannia,' to Victor Hugo and Browning. It is not to approve of war to admit that it gives the current of the blood a fiercer flow.

The poet is a young man — he dies, but he cannot grow old — who feels the necessity for expressing certain eternal facts, which have been known since the beginning of the world but which he has only just discovered. They flit by him like echoes and like odors, they take the form of gleams and vapors, but he is convinced that if he can only grasp them they will yield their eternity to his pressure. He therefore cannot wait. Infinitude foams for him out of the chalice of the world of souls, as Schiller said. With the obsession of military duty removed or relaxed, he will concentrate his energy on becoming the spiritual interpreter of his people, and this will be his place in the system of national reorganization.

What particular line the poetry of the immediate future will take it would be rash to predict. But the marked metaphysical tendency of the hour will

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probably be translated in it. We have not, in late years, reflected narrowly enough on the limits and on the character of the poetic gift, nor on how images surge in the memory of the poet, nor on how he improvises a knowledge of them. In all this we are still in the main where Edmund Spenser left us. I think it probable that considerations of this kind may occupy new writers. Of one thing I feel certain, that the new poetry will be in its essence religious; it has always been so after great national wars. By the word I mean nothing sectarian or sordid. I am not recalling the fact that Isaac Watts wrote his formidable hymns immediately after the peace of Utrecht. I use it in the sense in which Shelley is the most religious of the English poets, perhaps the most religious of all poets, except Æschylus. Man is supposed to be the only religious animal, and the poet who ignores the claims of natural religion upon his art, must remain, however skilful he is, not a little lower than the angels.

We make a grave mistake if we underestimate the seriousness of the new generation. A writer of great merit, who has also the trained gift of elocution, Mr. John Drinkwater, has given me his experience at the camps in France, where he read or repeated English poetry under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A. He did not select any of those topical or trivial pieces of occasion with which our fear of priggishness is apt to insult the intelligence of the men, but he produced some of the most delicate and the most inspired treasures of our lyrical literature.

He was rewarded by an appreciation which surprised him, by a gravity of attention, by a glow of emotion, which proved the error of those whose timidity impels them to read 'down to' what they suppose the level of such an audience. We cannot too clearly realize that the experience, not merely of the young soldiers of intelligence, but of the whole thinking part of our race, has been vastly extended by the war.

During the war the soldier poets (and indeed the civilians, too) have been almost exclusively concerned in putting forth small 'parcels' of their art, short jets of song. I cannot recall in the thousands of collections, printed since 1914, one poem deliberately composed on a large scale.

Mr. Masefield has discontinued his little epical romances since *The Daffodil Field*. Mr. Frankan, whose *One of Us* so vividly recalled the kaleidoscopic manner of Berni and Byron, has surely further 'novels in verse' to give us. There is nothing I am not prepared to expect from Mr. J. C. Squire. Space is what all these poets require, space which the breathlessness of fighting denied to the chief laureates of the struggle, to Mr. Laurence Binyon, for instance, at home and to Rupert Brooke, Robert Nichols, and Siegfried Sassoon in the field.

These writers vibrated with the agony of the moment, and their inspiration succumbed to it. But with the return of serenity, I look to see the more deliberate art come back. Ours should not be the only British age which has no *Paradise Lost*, no *Castle of Indolence*, no *The Ring and the Book*. Our poets must now reflect that size counts in the impact made by poetry.

The London Chronicle

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DEPTHS OF IGNORANCE

IGNORANCE is at times an amusing quality. One got a certain pleasure the other day from finding in one of the afternoon papers a paragraph headed, 'Was at the Black Hole of Calcutta,' which announced that a Sergeant Roberts, who died last week at Addlestown 'assisted to fetch out the victims from the Black Hole at Calcutta.' One positively rejoiced the following morning when a leading daily paper added a pinch of corroborative detail to the story, and declared that the gallant soldier was 'in his seventeenth year' at the time of his famous rescue exploit. It is not that the blunder is an unusual one. At least three Englishmen out of four, we fancy, have a hazy notion that the tragedy of the Black Hole was one of the incidents of the Indian Mutiny. When the jubilee (as the *Daily Telegraph* called it) of the Indian Mutiny was celebrated a few years ago, an English peer made a speech in which he took it for granted that the incident of the Black Hole was only fifty years old, instead of happening as it did in 1756. This, we think, gives a fair enough measure of the general ignorance of the facts of history. 'Every schoolboy knows,' said Macaulay in his most famous sentence, 'who imprisoned Montezuma, and who strangled Atahualpa.' Every schoolboy, as any examiner can tell you, knows nothing of the sort. The schoolboy who had even heard of Atahualpa would be regarded with awe by his friends and relations as one predestined to a great career. The ordinary schoolboy thinks himself lucky if he can remember something about Alfred and the buns, and Harold and the arrow, and whether it was Henry VIII who had six wives or Henry VI who had eight. His taste in historical events is simple. All he asks is to be quite sure of such things as that the Battle of Hastings and Warren Hastings did not occur in the same century.

As to Atahualpa, you might as well ask him who was Gegnæsius the Armenian, or Baanes, nicknamed the Dirty. These things, like the question what song the sirens sang, and what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions, are not, as Sir Thomas Browne says, beyond all conjecture. But they are far beyond the limits of the average English schoolboy's curiosity. History is already sufficiently crowded with bald and unconvincing names to destroy his appetite for more of the same kind. What he learns he learns mechanically, and not with his imagination. And, as soon as it ceases to be compulsory to remember it he casts it from his mind like a burden. Hence the comprehensive and never-to-be-sufficiently-admired ignorance of men and women. There are hundreds of thousands of men and women in England who do not know whether Homer was a Greek or a Latin poet, and a friend of ours once met a man in a theatre who believed that Shakespeare wrote *The Pickwick Papers*. But these are blunders of the comparatively learned. The ignorance of ignorant people goes far deeper than this. One finds astonishing examples of ignorance not only of the facts of history, but of the commonest facts of the world about us. It would be an interesting amusement in any company for each person present to relate the most surprising example of adult ignorance that had come within his personal ex-

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perience. We once met a woman in London who was ignorant of the fact that wood comes from trees. We found an old woman in County Donegal who had never heard of the city of Dublin. Mr. Joseph Hocking, describing his recruiting experiences in Cornwall in the early months of the war, affirmed that some people had asked him whether Lord Kitchener was the head of the English or the German army. So incredible is ignorance of this kind that one can hardly help suspecting that somebody has been successfully pulling a leg. But the ignorance of the average man is genuine enough. He has no need to affect ignorance for a sport. If one were bold enough to turn catechist in a crowded London 'bus and demand of everyone present the dates of the murder of Julius Cæsar, Magna Charta, and the French Revolution, we doubt if more than two persons would be able to name even the century in which each event had happened. We are for the most part inclined to take the world's past as read, and to proceed to the amusements of the present. What does it matter if we think that Milton's Christian name was Thomas, seeing that our evening will be spent not in reading *Paradise Lost*, but in seeing *The Beast of Berlin* on the cinema?

Having arrived at this point, the present writer resolved to put his own ignorance to the test, and for this purpose took down a volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and opened it at random. The first article that met his eye was on the subject of the Bogomils. How many honest men can say they know anything about the Bogomils? Are they a range of mountains, a breed of ducks, or a tribe of gypsies of the desert? Even an average bishop might hesitate before consenting to write an essay on them. That they were a community of heretics, a sort of Bulgarian Albigenses, he might be vaguely aware; but we doubt if even the Archbishop of Canterbury could have told you that 'under Turkish rule the Bogomils lived unmolested as *Pavlikeni* in their ancient stronghold near Philippopolis.' We confess frankly we knew no more of this than of the date of the Flood. The next subject dealt with in the *Encyclopædia* was Bogorodsk. The ending of the word might have told one that this was somewhere in Russia; but as to its population, its place on the map, and its chief manufacturers, Adam and Eve were not more ignorant than the present writer. And yet the *Encyclopædia* declares that it is 'famous' for its gold brocade. Then came a short article on the Bogos, or the Bilens, as they are unenlighteningly described in parentheses. We had passed at least half a lifetime without even having heard of them. Here was a pastoral race of mixed Hamitic descent, living somewhere in Abyssinia, that might have disappeared from the map without our being a penny the wiser. And yet the Bogos are an interesting people. 'The eldest son of a Shumaglieh' — a Bogo 'elder' — 'inherits his father's two-edged sword, white cows, lands, and slaves, but the house goes to the youngest son. . . . The Bogo husband never sees the face or pronounces the name of his mother-in-law, while it is a crime for a wife to utter her husband's or father-in-law's name.' As we read this for the first time, we instinctively echoed Mr. Lloyd George's great cry, 'Why did nobody tell me about it?'

Bogota, the next subject on the list, brought us back within our depth again We had at least heard of Bogota. We once had a friend who used to write leaderettes on the politics of Bogota when he was short of a topic. But, though we had read scores of these leaderettes, we had remained ignorant of the fact that Bogota has been called

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'the Athens of South America.' We did not even know that the plain on which the city is built 'was the centre of Chibcha civilization before the Spanish conquest.' Chibcha civilization has never, as the vulgar say, been one of our strong suits. After Bogota, Bogra. Bogra, it appears, is an Indian town situated on a river we had never heard of, the Karatoya. From Bogra we pass hopefully to the next subject, 'Bogue, David (1750–1825), British Nonconformist divine,' who, we are informed, 'was born in the parish of Coldingham, Berwickshire.' We feel that we ought to have heard of David Bogue. Along with James Bennet, he wrote a *History of Dissenters*, which, according to the *Encyclopædia*, is 'well known.' As we advance from one evidence of our ignorance to another, we begin, like Socrates, to think that the only thing we know is that we know nothing. Even the *Encyclopædia* confesses its ignorance when it comes to the next word, 'Bogus,' which, it declares, 'is of uncertain origin, possibly connected with the French *bagasse*, sugar-cane refuse.' Our own ignorance on the subject is so dense that we could not have guessed even at this strange possibility. Then comes Bohea, which we knew was a kind of tea, but which we learned for the first time was 'a word derived from the Wu-i hills in the Fuhkien province of China, *b* being substituted for *w* or *v*.' Until you read the sentence a second time, it sounds as mad as abracadabra. But so does a great deal of this or any other encyclopædia in the ear of a man ignorant of facts. The greater part of knowledge is a foreign language to the majority of us. We can no more assimilate it than we can chew tin cans or the wood-blocks of the London pavement.

The last subject treated in the pages at which we opened the *Encyclopædia* was luckily one of which we were not entirely ignorant. We knew at least that Bohemia was a nation and had long been interested in its language and literary revival, and in its struggle for freedom from Hapsburg rule. But we confess it was news to us that it 'has the form of an irregular rhomb,' and that, 'from an orographic point of view, Bohemia constitutes among the Austrian provinces a separate massif.' Our knowledge was concerned rather with such events as the schism of John Huss and the adoption by the Bohemians of a sort of Sinn Fein policy in 1867, when they refused to send representatives to the Imperial Parliament at Vienna. But even in regard to Bohemia one would not care to boast of one's knowledge. One feels confident of little concerning it save the name of its capital and its right to freedom. But even an ignorant man may know enough of it to be amazed at the ignorance shown in the last year or two by various political writers on the subject. Many people do not even know that Bohemia already enjoys a sort of Home Rule in a local Diet.

Man is born ignorant, and he goes ignorant to his grave. That is at once his tragedy and his comedy. It is tragic because with knowledge he could do so much. It is comic because he attempts to make up for his ignorance by dogmatic pretentiousness. For the ignorant man lays down the law as dogmatically as the man who has tried to learn — more dogmatically, indeed, as a rule. There are no people who will tell you how to settle the affairs of Russia or India or Ireland with the same confidence as some perfect ignoramus who would hardly know of the existence of the countries were it not that they were occasionally mentioned in the papers. Nothing is so immodest, as ignorance. Were ignorance self-conscious and able to blush, a new hope would dawn for the human race. We are now in the brass age, when every-

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one bellows and no one blushes. The entire future of this magnificent planet depends on the chance that, amid the millions of cheerful cinematograph-haunting, revue-going, picture-paper-reading, careless human beings there are a few thousand discontented creatures somewhere esurient after knowledge, greedy to know the name of things (if it is only of germs or Greek figures of speech, or the bones of an owl's leg, or the races of man), and eager to relate one fact to another till these become, in an adaptation of Browning's phrase, not a third fact but a star. Oh, we human beings are in a very black hole — a hole quite as black as the Black Hole of Calcutta. That is the first lesson in spiritual geography.

The New Statesman

BARBERS

When we talked of Wigs the other day, we said we might find something to say of barbers. And we have, as you will see.

Barber, from barba, a beard. What a title for the man who chiefly lives by shaving! Adam, says tradition, wore a beard. The kings of Persia plaited theirs with golden thread, and the Winged Bulls of Assyria are but types of those kings. The Chinese are a shaven people; the Egyptians were the same. But the Mahometans are bearded, and Saladin's son, Turkish historians tell us, wept for fear when he saw the shaven envoys of the Crusaders. The world is, and always has been, divided into shavers and bearded. Flint razors, oyster-shell razors, in prehistoric tombs; think of them, shudder, and acknowledge the omnipotence of the great goddess Vanity.

The greatest benefactor of barbers in the world's history is Alexander. He, who shaved himself to preserve his youth, shaved his army to prevent the enemy seizing their beards. He set a fashion which was followed by every Greekified beard-wagger in his empire, philosophers by profession alone excepted; and this in Greece itself, a country near enough to the East for a full beard to have been considered a sign of manhood.

How pleasant shaving is, says Alciphron of the *Letters*, the Walter Savage Landor of Lucian's day, though his were imaginary letters, not conversations. The barber says good morning politely, you sit down on a high chair, and a sharp new razor is gently passed over your chin. The shop is the regular Athenian lounging place, with chairs and instruments all complete, and a nice 'symmetrical' bronze mirror not to make you look askew. Here you sit and gossip, here you hear the betting odds and the latest conjugal scandal, here you meet your friends, have your nails cut, and your whitlows removed and any superfluous hairs you happen to be troubled with, and (if you are a dandy) have a little of that precious dye put on to get the right shade worn by the heroes of the stage. This is a picture at Athens in the third century, A.D.; but does it not remind one of the labors of a young stock-exchange 'half-book' man, at his club, any afternoon

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except Saturday or Sunday, in pre-war times?

Shaving was just one of those new-fangled ways brought in by those nasty Greeks from Asia Minor — 'Mounseer tricks' our own ancestors would have called them — which your true old Roman could n't abide. A barber comes over from Sicily in 300 B.C., sets the fashion in Rome, and your pater-familias, your hairy and humorless Cato, has the annoyance of seeing that horrid foreign habit spreading everywhere. But if you sent your son to a Greek university instead of into the army or on the land, what could you expect? Not many ancient bearded portraits survive. A few, however, may be found among the portraits of ancestors struck on their descendants' coins. Hundreds of clean-shaven Republicans can be seen in our museums, and the Roman barbers' shops did a roaring trade. Each razor lived in its own case; each customer had a wrapper tucked round him to protect his toga, each barber ran the comb through his customer's hair and said, as to-day, 'Long or short, sir?' Or, 'Have it out with the tweezers, sir?' Or, 'Try our infallible salve for superfluous hairs, we "put it up" in alabaster boxes, sir?' You have only to look at the plays of Plautus and the epigrams of Martial to find out all about it. For a thing to be known at the barber's is Horace's test of publicity; 'I'm tired of hunting in the barbers' shops,' says the man, wearily, in the *Amphitryon*.

Was it because the barbers of the classical world dabbled in drugs that we meet with that truly imposing personage the Barber-Surgeon of the Middle Ages? There he is, anyhow, proud, dictatorial, mysterious; remember Olivier le Dain, soft-footed and policy-pervading, the true agent of the sinister Louis XI. When the Heralds' Office wanted to find an ancestor for the Newcomes, that Very Respectable Family, they could do no better than that Barber-Surgeon to King Edward the Confessor in whom Clive believed so devoutly as a boy, and at whom he was to laugh so bitterly when he came to blows with Cousin Barnes. A great race truly, those Barber-Surgeons, though it had its humble members, the barber to whom good King Dagobert paid his *deux sous* in the nursery rhyme, for instance, when good Saint Eloi told him he wanted shaving and the King promptly borrowed the fee.

The barbers of England were incorporated by Edward IV, in 1461. But, like Caxton's gentleman, who, 'for fere and doubte of the barbours made his doughters to lerne shave,' in the Game and Playe of the Chesse, Henry VIII was probably right when he made barbers and surgeons into one corporation and granted them a charter, as we see in Holbein's picture. He confined the barbers' share in surgery to blood-letting and drawing of teeth. On the other hand, to make things fair and square, he forbade the surgeons to practise 'barbery or shaving.' Does not the word 'barbarian,' by the way, denote him who wears a beard, and not the sound *bar-bar-[os]* in mockery of the foreigner, stumbling ludicrously in Attic Greek? Milton speaks contemptuously of Barber-Surgery; and Defoe makes his Cavalier complain in his Memoirs that no surgeon was to be had but a sorry country barber; no wonder then that George II finally separated the two corporations in 1745.

Still, enough was left him, even in the eighteenth century to make the barber an important person. When Mr. Geoffrey Wildgoose, the Spiritual Quixote, sets out on his pilgrimage to convert the world, it is to an 'affable and benevolent barber' that he goes, nominally to get shaved, really to pick up information in that 'grand office of intelli-

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gence.' It is that same barber who points out, 'for the credit of his trade,' that barbers must have existed in King David's days, since that monarch alludes to lies cutting like a sharp razor. Had he known his Wycliffe, the barber might have found a still earlier authority, Delilah, who, according to that translator, calls in 'a barber,' where our version only calls 'a man,' to cut off Samson's locks.

It was, and is, the barber's business to attract custom. He used to do it by keeping caged singing birds and cats, whence the phrase 'as restless as a barber's cat before a storm'; by having a musical instrument, viol, or cittern, handy to amuse his waiting customers, whence Pepys's 'Barber's Music made to amuse My Lord,' on the 5th of June, 1660; (what a use for the gramophone, did our barbers only know it!), by encouraging idlers, whose gossip came in handy to pass on to the next customer; and by a never-ending flow of the latest intelligence, whether from the coffee-houses or the news sheets. He does it now by those illustrated weekly papers which fill the eye, but fail to nourish the mind. Gone is the barber's pole, with its striped ribands representing the fillets once bound about the bloodlet arm; it played the part at once of the tavern bush and the doctor's red lamp; gone the barber's basin in miniature hung to the pole, a sign universal still in Normandy, and to be found yet in the back streets of East Anglian seaports. What of that barber's basin which Cervantes was to glorify to all eternity as Mambrino's Helmet? That helmet, 'which looks for all the world like a barber's basin,' worn by Don Quixote, has become forever the symbol, at once ludicrous and pathetic, of its noble owner, and embalms the memory of a half-forgotten craft, the more grotesquely that Master Nicholas the Barber was himself the Knight's own intimate, and his Basin a familiar sight in the streets of La Mancha. It was through the barber Caxon, dresser of the only three wigs left in the parish, that Scott's Antiquary gathered all his local news, and it was that *laudator temporis acti*, hard hit by the powder tax, who gave vent to the sorrowful ejaculation, 'Hegh, sirs! nae wonder the commons will be discontent and rise against the law, when they see magistrates, and bailies and deacons, and the provost himself, wi' heads as bald and bare as one o' my blocks!' It was a sad time for barbers, 1798; wigs were going out, crops were coming in, and the good days of the Regency and curled polls had not begun. That was a Restoration indeed when the barber enjoyed his own again. Well oiled, well curled locks; Macassar oil and bear's grease—'a bear will be killed to-morrow' was a notice seen within living memory, like the turtle announcing its own doom in Birch's window — plenty of hair of your own (or someone else's) growth, 'craped' over the forehead; here was the barber's Paradise Regained. And they were not slow to take advantage of it. Even the anonymous inventor of the Anti-Macassar bears witness to the omnipotence of the barber's craft, and the pages of the magazines are full of relishing advertisements. Oily, supple, smiling, the Georgian barber bends and smirks to us still; curled himself, he would curl others; dandy *in excelsis*, he would dandify his fellows. Beau Brummel's barber made a fortune; County D'Orsay's curls still nod ambrosially from Frazer's Gallery; Disraeli's ringlets adorn the face of history.

Dandies are gone, tall silk hats have disappeared, but barbers remain. They smirk and smile, and gossip, and apologize if their razor makes a mistake and the Barber-Surgeon's art is again called

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for. But the scope of their art is sadly limited: hair no longer 'curls lovely'; it 'lies well,' or is 'easily mastered.' One day, perhaps, when the war is over and the minor horrors are no longer to be apprehended, we may put razors aside and bring out our tall hats. We do not shave as Alexander's army did, lest the enemy should seize us by the beard; the army orders of to-day are less practical, and the toothbrush moustache has neither use nor beauty. But a nation in the trenches cannot indulge in beards, and flowing locks below tin hats are abhorrent to our taste. Will reaction come in this as in so much else, and peace rejoice the heart of the barber with a new greasier and curlier régime? But whatever happens let's stick to calling him a barber and leave the 'hairdresser' to those whose concern about personal appearance is more appropriate to a woman than to a man.

The Saturday Review

MR. SWINNERTON'S NEW BOOK*

'Beckwith' was a small suburban town encircling a common. The men go to 'town' every day; the women form their little circles and occupations. Near the station lives Miss Lampe, an inquisitive, malicious old maid, who observes what train everyone catches, and who walks back with who and what young people seem 'attracted' by each other, and how it was time that this or that girl got married. The other ladies are weaker editions of Miss Lampe except in so far as they have children of their own and become predatory on their behalf. In Mr. Swinnerton's vision nothing big, death or sorrow or ruin, ever enters this chattering world, and, so far, his vision is incomplete. Death lays his icy hand on shopkeepers as often as on other people, and ruin rather oftener.

However, perhaps these things do not specially concern Louis Vechantnor or his cousin Dorothy. Louis is the son of the Vechantnors, the ruling family of the place. Dorothy is the daughter of William, the descendant of a Vechantnor 'bad hat' of some generations before. William inadvertently sets up as a grocer in the same district as the main branch of the family. Hence a social awkwardness. To call or not to call, that is the question. The occasion is one that causes old Mr. Vechantnor to blurt out against his son the pent-up grievance of years about his outlook, his mentality, his Oxford ways, his thinking himself clever. Louis, who is unconscious of anything special in outlook or pretense, feels as if he had been suddenly struck in the face by his father, with whom he had believed himself on the best of terms. It is the revelation of division and the beginning of a rift. In this mood of hostility Louis goes to visit these grocer cousins, and finds the parents friendly, but the children resentful. The book is the story of three dramas, the effort of Beckwith to glare and stampede the

*Shops and Houses. By Frank Swinnerton. Methuen. 7s.

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grocer family out of existence, the effort of Veronica Hughes to captivate Louis and make him 'nice,' *i.e.*, conform with the local feeling and 'drop' the grocers, and the battle between Louis and his father. In detailing this last, Mr. Swinnerton seems to have forgotten that he had excepted the Vechantnors from the Beckwith spirit. Emmanuel Vechantnor is as meanly repressive and obstinate as anyone else.

The tragedy, if such a tangle of frustrations, perversions, and furtiveness can be called a tragedy, of Veronica, is well told. The jealousy of the three sisters, the cheap trivial ways, their repressed instincts, find expression, their hysteria, their inability to shake loose from the unformulated code that holds them, and the appalling vacuity of their conversation have a ghastly truth.

In the end Beckwith triumphs. Perhaps the best scenes in the book are those of the clacking circles round the tea-table. But let us hope that the war at least has begun the doom of the tea-party as a profession, and that Mr. Swinnerton's book will have the value of a historical document. For with the trumpets of peace in our ears, and the long lists of the Roll of Honor in our memory, it is appalling to think of Beckwith rearing up its head again.

The Outlook

IN CAELO QUIES, IN TERRA PAX

BY J. E. G. DE MONTMORENCY

THE news that the beginnings of peace had come, that the German Empire had gone up in flames, that the long struggle against the forces of Antichrist had ended in that triumph for righteousness which faith had never doubted, came to Wiltwater in quite reasonable time, but it spread very slowly. The word Armistice created some confusion. It is not a local word. And the news came early in the week when folk were busy with many things. All were satisfied that things were going very well and did not worry. If Armistice was signed it was likely to be captured, and evidently it was a very important place. Meantime there was ploughing to be done, any amount of it, and some more of the moor had to be reclaimed for food supply, and there were a good many folk who had not enough wood in and some had left their turf-cutting for a fine November day, a foolish proceeding, and then there were hedges to clear and winter sowing, and all sorts of indoor work getting ready for the winter, and special care of priceless ducks and fowls against foxes, bold and hungry this year. Indeed, what with lack of hands and plenty of fine days, the war was neglected so long as it went along well. So the Armistice was signed and the face of Europe was changed without anyone in the village being much the wiser till the weekly paper drifted in at the end of the week. Dr. Battle, of course, knew all about it, and so did the doctor and the rector of Little Greenmoor, but as it

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happened they were all tied to their homes by severe colds, and of course the schools were entirely up-to-date. But the village knew little, and the outlying farms nothing until Saturday night. Then peace fell on them like a bomb. It was curious to observe how stolidly the folks took the news. It is true that they had never doubted the result, but then they had never appreciated the danger. They had never known, and never will know, how narrow at one moment was the margin between the victory of righteousness and the victory of hell. It is true that they knew in some fashion from their soldier sons home on leave the nature of the foe, the devilries that these fiends incarnate had wrought in France and Belgium. They had heard of dreadful things. But in the peace of the moor it all seemed so far away that they did not realize that they themselves, their women and children, might within the bounds of reasonable anticipation have been in the hands of the Germans and have suffered as much as their brethren oversea. They were slow-witted and did not understand that such things could be. And the soldier men as they sat over the farm fires did not say much. What could they say? War is not easy to describe even for the men whose business it is to paint the picture. All these simple soldiers could say was to tell one another their experiences of farms such as the one they sat in, farms out of which they had hunted the German werewolf to find what they did find, things indescribable by human pen.

It was a full kitchen on the Saturday night when Mr. Warlock came in with the news. There were two soldier men home on leave, a sailorman on leave, boys, girls, the farmer and his wife and Mr. and Mrs. Harrage. One and all were ignorant of any change in the history of the world. The same stars were shining into the little almost leafless orchard, the same horse was stamping in the stable, the same little waterfall was tumbling into the great farmyard carrying the moor-waters to a river seeking the sea; all was the same as a fortnight before. The same great kettle sang in the same great chimney. The brass on the deep shelf shone now as then. Yet in a fortnight the face of the world had been changed, the organized forces of hell had been routed beyond repair and the Slave-State with its pirate king had been swept into nothingness even as the morning wind brushes a night mist from the shoulder of a hill. And Charles' Wain was content nor heeded; and the waterfall was content nor heeded; and the horse in the stable stamped as was his wont, and the winter cricket chirped as he chirped last year. But man, however near to nature, almost one with her in his battle against her, must share in the struggles of his kind for freedom, and so what the pole-star heeded not stung these folk to sudden passion of joy. There was something in Mr. Warlock's manner as he came in that caught the eyes of the folk as they averted them from the fire. He seemed taller than ever and twenty years younger than his wont; he swung his basket off his shoulders with almost youthful alertness, his round blue eyes shone in the blaze of light as Mrs. Multon threw some turf on the hearth and came over to meet him. He stamped his feet in a marked way, and taking off his heavy coat coughed in a premonitory fashion. 'Be there news, Mr. Warlock?' 'There be news,' said he, 'great news.' And they made way for him to sit in the great easy chair. But he said nothing. Mrs. Multon hastened to brew him tea, and he sat there drinking it in the firelight and eating bread and butter.

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As he ate and drank his eyes were fixed on the hearth almost as if he were in a dream, the seer of a vision. 'Be it war news?' at last a soldier said. Slowly the old man seemed to awaken and looked at the questioner. 'It be great news,' he said. Suddenly one word framed itself in the mouths of them all, an unspoken word, and he nodded, and then putting his head down into his hands he wept like a child. But these were tears of joy. And one by one folk crept out of the kitchen to carry the tidings home to lonely cot and farm.

Presently the old man looked up and said, 'I wur wold and tired an hour agone, but now I be young and fresh. This great thing be hand o' God on high. Hark ye how it befell.' And as he told the tale of the German rout, of the German revolution, of the unconditional surrender, of the ignominious flight of the War Lord, it seemed like a biblical narrative: 'I will smite the winter house with the summer house; and the houses of ivory shall perish, and the great houses shall have an end, saith the Lord. . . . Though they dig into hell, thence shall my hand take them . . . though they hide from my sight in the bottom of the sea, thence will I command the serpent and he shall bite them.' But the old man cared little for the Germans. The Lord had dealt with them, and they had passed out of history. 'Bring I the wold book,' he said presently, when he was alone with the farmer and his wife and old Mr. Sam Miles who had come in very late, and turning the pages found the chapter in Micah, where it is written: 'And he shall judge among the people, and rebuke strong nations afar off; and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. But they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig tree; and none shall make them afraid; for the mouth of the Lord of Hosts hath spoken it.'

'That be my text for to-morrow morning *and* evening,' said Mr. Miles, 'fine text.' So Dr. Battle and Mr. Oldham both thought, and being by a sort of miracle in the lesson for the day they preached from it. 'A practical sermon is what these people need,' went on Mr. Miles. 'We have to make up for lost time. Plowshares and pruning hooks stand for everything. It must be a busy peace. We be a lazy people, and never more so than when we have moved mountains.'

'Be you afeard o' peace?' said Mr. Multon filling his pipe in his slow way. 'No, I be not afeard, though I be sorry for 'ee.' he added slyly. The farmer laughed. 'It have been good for parson *too*,' he said. And Mrs. Multon laughed. 'Our doors be open,' she said, 'and we pay our volk well, do we not, varmer?' and she looked at her husband. 'I be glad it be peace,' he said, 'and price o' corn will keep high yet awhile. I be not afeard o' peace. It be not here as in *de*feated lands. There be here no doubt wicked men, no true laborers, black-coated as well as black-hearted men, who would make trouble here as their kind have made trouble in the *de*feated lands. Bolshevies, they call they, the men who sold Russia to the Germans, and, Judas-like, took the gold. There be a vew o' they here, but we know they, and if need be will hang they. We be not a *de*feated land, and the victory our sons ha' won wi' cost we will not give over to the garbage rats o' London town.' It was the longest speech the farmer had ever made, and it was emphasized point by point by striking the bowl of his pipe into his right hand. 'Well,' said Mr. Miles,

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'I know the workingman in town and country well, and I do say that what you have now said be the view of these men and of their wives. I be not afeard o' peace in that way. But I be afeard in another. We be lazy race. We be content wi' victory. But shall we conquer we as well as they?' And he pointed his thumb over the seas. 'We shall conquer we, I do believe,' said Mr. Warlock. 'We do owe it to the dead. How shall we pay they for all they did? Can they be quiet in Heaven if we do have a peace of idleness upon earth? We do owe it they that we Englishmen and Englishwomen do work as never before to build up for the children and grandchildren o' they such an England as that they dreamed they died for. We can build it up.' 'We can build it up,' repeated Mr. Miles solemnly. 'We can build it in the chapels, in the churches, in the schools.' 'We do owe it to Mrs. Barle,' said the farmer almost inconsequently. 'Why, what be matter with Mrs. Barle?' Her man be killed, one of the last men killed in the war. She had news to-day. She have five little ones. She be weeping bitter, for she do love her man, weeping bitter while we be sitting here wi' joy o' peace in heart. We do owe it to Mrs. Barle.' And the three men walked out of the kitchen into the great yard where the waterfall tumbled under the stars. 'The Heavens be quiet to-night. Maybe there wur war in heaven too. Maybe our peace, so it be good peace, may make peace there too. Our peace be His will.' So the old man, muttering to himself, strode across to the sweet-scented hayloft where he slept so well.

The Contemporary Review

ECONOMICS AND FINANCE

BRITISH SHIPBUILDING COMPARED WITH AMERICAN

BY A MARINE ENGINEER

THE recent publication of the returns of the United Kingdom and world's shipbuilding enables a comparison to be made between the losses and output. It is satisfactory to note that the curve of losses is still steadily falling and has been doing so at about the same rate for the last twelve months. We may look now for a further rapid fall in this curve, and now an armistice is concluded the losses will be restricted to the ordinary marine risk with occasional accidents due to striking drifting mines. On the other hand, the figures for United Kingdom output for the third quarter of 1918 are only 411,000 gross tons, and, considering the curve showing this output, it can only be regarded as extremely disappointing, as it has only now reached the rate of production equal to the last quarter of 1914.

A study of this curve of output during the war shows clearly the magnitude of the blunder made by the authorities in hampering the production of ships in the early months of the war. It is clear that the correct policy at that time should have been to promote merchant shipbuilding by every means in our power, instead of restricting out-

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put by holding up vessels under construction and withdrawing men from the yards for the army. It is, of course, easy to be wise after the event, and it is satisfactory that the blunder was realized in time to prevent a catastrophe, but too late to prevent a most serious shortage in United Kingdom tonnage. As it is we are at least 250,000 gross tons short in our expected output this year, and the rate of production is extremely disappointing.

Reasons for this have been given before, and, unfortunately, they remain as strong as ever. It must be admitted the men are not working with a wholehearted desire to increase the output. In some yards they are systematically restricting output, and, as the recent strike on the Clyde showed, their ambition seems to be to increase wages as far as possible. If increased wages meant increased production there would be no objection, but, on the contrary, a desire to yield to their wishes. However, it has been shown that, as wages have increased, the output per man has decreased, showing a state of affairs which calls for immediate attention and reform.

So far as the world's output of tonnage is concerned, the position is more satisfactory, thanks to the increased shipbuilding returns of the neutrals, in addition to Japan and America. So far back as the middle of May the world's output equaled the losses, and since then — thanks mainly to America — the world's shortage is being made up. The world's output has reached the important and satisfactory figure of 2,384,000 gross tons for the third quarter of this year, and is 1,391,000 tons in excess of the losses for the same period.

One of the most striking features has been, and still is, the immense enthusiasm of America with regard to shipbuilding. This fact has frequently been referred to in these notes and particulars given from time to time. Before the war the men employed in her shipyards numbered about 20,000; to-day there are about 300,000 men engaged in the shipyards, which have vastly increased both in number and magnitude. The extraordinary feature is that few of these men had any experience whatever in building ships, but the whole problem has been tackled on strictly business lines and in a thoroughly scientific manner. Clearly, if these men were to be useful they must be trained; and therefore schools were founded and the men trained to use the tools. For training purposes in some schools full-sized parts of ships have been prepared, and it has been found that from four to six weeks' intensive training enabled the men to enter the yards as efficient workmen. It is needless to say that all labor-saving appliances are eagerly made use of; pneumatic plant has been largely adopted for riveting and calking; and a regular crusade has been started for educating the men to realize the vital necessity for turning out ships, and more ships.

The effect of all this is seen in the extraordinary keenness of the men, who work as if their lives depended upon it. The result is the great increase of tonnage delivered to the Emergency Fleet Corporation. Our output for nine months this year is 1,174,000 gross tons, as against the American output for the same period of 1,722,000. In other words, the American output, which in 1914 was 1,450,000 tons less than ours, has in nine months of this year exceeded our output by over half a million tons. She has thus passed us in the race for supremacy. It is evident that the American effort is not intended to be merely temporary; it is the rebirth of a great industry which will put America in the forefront of shipbuilding countries.

Many of the American methods

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would be unsuitable for this old-fashioned country, but it is believed that much of the apathy and slackness of the shipyard workers is due to ignorance of the vital issues at stake. As has been said before, this could, and should have been made clear to them by suitable propaganda.

The Morning Post

DYESTUFFS AND THE TEXTILE INDUSTRY

NOTHING could be more convincing of the neglect of this country to provide the means whereby the applications of scientific discovery should be made available in the conduct of important industries than the speech of Mr. Lennox B. Lee on the occasion of the annual meeting of the Calico Printers' Association, of which he is chairman, on September 18. It appears that the association is by far the largest user of color in this country. Before the advent of the war the 2000 colors it then used were to the extent of 70 per cent produced solely in Germany, and of the remainder only 7 per cent were of British origin. At the present time out of the restricted list of 230 essential base colors only 25 per cent are produced by British makers, one third of these being substitutes, and only used because better colors cannot be obtained, while the cost is not less than from 200 to 1000 per cent above pre-war prices. Moreover, of the 230 colors above-named, only the commoner colors, including also one or two of the better kind, are obtained from British firms. The association is, in fact, dependent upon the Swiss color manufacturers for the finer ranges and specialties, while quite half the colors of the said list cannot be obtained at all, among them some of the most valuable.

This is a very serious state of affairs, since of the cotton goods export of Great Britain, amounting in 1913 to 56,000,000*l.*, more than half were exported in the colored state. Unless in the future the colors essential to the industry can be produced in this country of a quality and range and at a price which compare favorably with the production of Germany and Switzerland, this great industry must inevitably suffer, and be doomed to ultimate failure; and not alone this important moiety of our cotton textile exports, for we shall likewise imperil the market for uncolored textiles also. A boycott which is contemplated on the import of German dyes, with the view of encouraging the production of British dyes, will not meet the case so long as the quality or the class of dye (new dyes are continually being produced), or the price at which they can be sold to the user, will not compare with the product of the foreign manufacturer. The calico printers and dyers, having regard to the fact that they are in competition with nations all over the world in foreign markets, must of necessity get the colors they require in the best and cheapest market, and if they cannot procure these at home must do so where they can. We have the raw material of the coal-tar colors here in vast quantities, which we largely exported to Germany, and in the case of one large firm in the north of England, which is Swiss-owned, the intermediate products are sent to Switzerland, to be there treated and returned to this country in the form of dyes of fine quality.

There is but one effective remedy for this most serious menace to one of the greatest of our industries, and it consists in the provision of a numerous highly trained body of skilled workers which it is the business of our scientific colleges to supply. Therein lies the initial advantage of Germany and Switzerland. Just fifty-six years ago it was confidently stated in an official docu-

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ment that, having regard to the exhibits at the International Exhibition, London, in 1862, 'England has now become the dye-producing nation of Europe,' and we now see, because of our lack of enterprise and vision, how completely this has been falsified. Mr. Milton Clarke, the president of the Bradford Dyers' Association, declared in February, 1916, that the establishment of the synthetic dye industry was vital to our national safety, since dyes and high explosives were very closely related, and that complete, self-contained, and independent manufacture of aniline dyes within the United Kingdom was essential to the commercial and martial protection of the State. 'Had it not been for the aid we have received from the Swiss makers,' he went on to say, 'I dare not contemplate what our position would have been during the last eighteen months.'

The vital importance of this question is evidenced by the fact that, taking the whole range of the textile industries of the kingdom, the annual exports reach a total value of 200,000,000*l.*, and the number of persons employed is something near 2,000,000. It is, therefore a matter of serious national concern, and justifies the Government in any prudently considered action which would legitimately and permanently insure the well-being not only of the dye-producers, but also of the dye-consumers. Wisely conceived, their interests are mutual and inseparable, and must be studied as a whole.

Nature

THE TALK OF EUROPE

LIMEHOUSE NIGHTS

INTERVIEWED about the books people are now reading, a West End bookseller said that Mr. Thomas Burke's book of *Limehouse Nights* still excites the interest of his customers — and as volumes of short stories go the customers certainly get value for money in Mr. Burke's book; but the bookseller went on to explain that his customers buy the book because they want to know something of the unexplored end of London where the docks are. 'A poor reason,' says the *Saturday Review*, 'though certainly the title of the book, if an excellent "selling" title, is misleading. Mr. Burke tells rare and strange stories, but those lurid and barbarous nights of his never follow the days in Limehouse. His picturesque yarns might fit remote Callao or Canton or any by-way which we do not know. But his peculiar Limehouse, with the strangeness of its lurking revolt, and with its unexpected Orientals in a sly, pungent, and exotic fantasy, is a dream; a curious and compelling dream; but it is to the real Limehouse what a fiery dragon is to a well-ordered cow. The cow has horns, it is true. It might if it liked. But cows never do. They hardly ever think of it.'

THE SPARTACUS GROUP

Writing from Berlin, a correspondent of the *Morning Post* sends definite information concerning the obscure Spartacus group.

'The Social Democrats are moving

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towards the position hitherto occupied by the Independents, while the latter are moving in the direction of the extreme left of Bolshevism.

'The explanation of this curious fact must be sought in the attraction which is being growingly exercised on the masses by that Extreme Left. The mysterious "Spartacus" group undoubtedly plays here a considerable part. This group has been in existence since the autumn of 1916, and derives its name from the anonymous political letters for the personal information of radical-minded Social Democrats which Karl Liebknecht had been issuing from time to time under the pseudonym "Spartacus" since 1915, and which in September, 1916, were transformed into an illegal, unperiodical periodical under the name of "Spartacus," written by Rühle, Herzfeld, and other hands. The very name "Spartacus" is sufficiently indicative of the tendencies of this group. During the war it has been denouncing not only the Scheidemannites but also the Independents, whom it would blame for addiction to the "bourgeois" idea of "national defense" in an era of Imperialist rivalries and to constitutional methods of political warfare at a time when only an open street revolution could put an end not only to the war, but also to the capitalist system as a whole.

'Its representative at the Zimmerwald and Kienthal conferences was the only one who without reservations sided with Lenin and Radek. It therefore may be regarded as the German equivalent of the Russian Bolsheviki. Its members, the most prominent of whom is Liebknecht, are for the immediate establishment of a dictatorship of the proletariat by force of arms and for the immediate "expropriation of the expropriators"—that is, of the capitalist and landlord class.'

'Q' ON OFFICIAL ENGLISH

There has been considerable discussion in Great Britain of the use of English in official communications. In a recent lecture at Cambridge, Sir Arthur Quiller Couch thus expressed his view of the matter:

'On the one hand, you have Great Britain which has sedulously denied a place in its government to men of letters, has suspected them for freaks, has rarely trusted a man imbued with letters to represent it in foreign courts. I bethink me of the successive fates of our great writers, and remember a passage in *Don Quixote* telling of an accomplished poet "who knew also how to make bird-cages so that by this alone he could earn a living if reduced to extreme need." In this war Great Britain having a cause high enough to have trained lips to a surpassing eloquence—having at least twenty writers whom I could name capable of presenting that cause clearly, equably, so that no neutral nation could mistake it, and with a dignity worthy of it, has turned to stunt journalists and film artists: doing in another sphere, in fact, precisely what she is doing (or, shall we say, allowing to be done) with Trafalgar Square at this moment. Yes, and has denied others even to speak.

'On the other hand you have America, a country with no comparable tradition of literature (if we separate hers from ours) sedulously cultivating a pride in it: sending us as ambassadors men who stand for it — Motley, Lowell, Hay, Page, even in our time: electing for her President a man of letters and — Heaven help! a professor at that.

'Now — without tears — what is the result? The results are many and important or unimportant in varying degrees. One, at about the lowest rung, is a Coal Control which cannot

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control its English to compose an intelligible paragraph. Another is, you have (and it begins to be very serious) somewhere in the Admiralty someone so illiterate as to be selected to write the Jutland dispatch. But the really momentous result is that, while we hearken to the flimsy rhetoric accounted good enough for us, Europe hangs on the pen of an American who can really write down what he means — and we have no man in the present pass to turn to and say, "Sir, you who can do it, speak the great accent of England!"'

A LONDONER AND OUR MARINES

A reader of the English newspapers sends us this pleasant story of a Londoner's adventure with two American marines.

'The armistice has not ended one of my real war-time diversions,' writes 'R.' 'I am still able to barge unexpectedly into American soldiers idling in the streets of London and carry them off to see interesting places and entertain them with stories of the quaint manners and customs of the great city. It is a diversion that brings me more than a passing pleasure; these American boys are so keen to express their appreciation of an Englishman's friendly overtures. Let me give an illustration. The other day in the Strand I picked up two lads of twenty wearing the dark tunic and light blue trousers of American marines. They received my offer to show them round with an embarrassment that clearly amounted to suspicion, and when I had won their confidence I found out why. A professional "guide" had picked them up earlier in the day, and for taking them round some of the sights had fleeced them each for the amount of a day and a half's pay. I took them to the Tower and other places, and when I left them I warned them against the professional guide. They gave me a delicious reply. "Sir," said one of them, "I guess we don't mind meeting a crook in the morning if we can meet a white man in the afternoon."

'But that (continues our correspondent) was not all. I took them to my rooms and gave them coffee and cigarettes. They were deliciously entertaining and, as I found later, keenly observant. Three days afterwards I found at my rooms a letter and a package. "Sir," the letter ran, "this is to say 'Good-bye' and 'Thank you.' We would have liked to have bought you a souvenir, but our money is all gone. Sir, we noticed that while you helped us generously to sugar with the coffee, you used very little yourself, although you said you disliked coffee without sugar. The enclosed package contains the balance of our sugar ration for the week. Will you please have a few cups of really sweet coffee in memory of two grateful boys from U.S.A.?" The package contained a pound and a half of sugar, and it is the sweetest sugar I have tasted since we went on rations.'

THE ACTUAL VALUE OF THE SURRENDERED FLEET

Since the German fleet represents a formidable mass of sea power, the question of its ultimate ownership is of interest to all concerned with 'the freedom of the seas.' A correspondent of the *New Statesman* discusses the value of the German fleet to Britain. 'The surrender,' he writes, 'of the German warships and the British naval expeditions to Kiel, Wilhelmshaven, and Sebastopol mark the definite removal of the German naval menace for the time being, and the reopening to our commerce of the

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Baltic and the Black Sea. We say "for the time being," because it must be remembered that naval power, so far as it rests on material, is a very different thing now from what it ever was before the Crimean War. In Nelson's days a battleship's life was sixty or even one hundred years, and a fleet of captured battleships was a permanent endowment. But the great fleets which Germany is now surrendering were all built within a very few years; a very few more will make them all obsolete; and in a very few more it would be physically possible for Germany to have more than replaced them. Thus there is never likely to be (as there used to be) any long-lasting abatement of naval rivalry on account of one Power's long start in material. The only way to an abatement is through a League of Nations, which here as elsewhere is seen, when one looks into it, to be absolutely indispensable.'

BRITISH ADVENTURES OF BARNARD'S LINCOLN

Barnard's Lincoln, denied a London pedestal, is on its way to some provincial city. The accompanying paragraph discussing it is reprinted from the *Manchester Guardian*.

The Fine Arts Commission to which the question was referred by the American Government has just given its verdict in favor of the St. Gaudens statue of Lincoln. This is the statue, therefore, which will be put up on a site given by the British Government in Parliament Square to commemorate the century of peace between the two countries.

A replica of the statue by St. Gaudens, which stands in Chicago, was originally chosen as the gift to Great Britain, but afterwards Mr. Charles Taft, the brother of the ex-President, offered to present a copy of the much more recent and, as many think, much more powerful statue of Lincoln by Mr. George Barnard at Cincinnati. Until the American papers had something more important to talk about there was a long and excited controversy as to the comparative merits of the two statues, in which a literary vendetta was waged against the Barnard statue. Barnard, who was a pupil of Rodin, shows Lincoln in his gawky ruggedness as he was. The hands are clasped in front of the body, and the statue was libeled throughout America as 'the man with the stomach-ache.' It is certainly a fine, expressive piece of work.

Now that the St. Gaudens statue is coming to London some other site must be found in England for the Barnard Lincoln. It must go to one of the great cities, and it will go to the city that is sufficiently keen to have it. Why should this city not be Manchester? If it is not Manchester it is quite likely to be Liverpool.

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THE LAST PILOT

BY DUNCAN TOVEY

Overhead, in a tranquil sky, out of the sunset glow,
The stately battle-planes go sailing east, against the foe,
And the quivering air is all a-drone, like an organ, deep and low.

The sunset gleams on the old bell-tower and the roofs of the old French town:
Gleams and fades, and the shadows fall, as the night comes creeping down,
And the German line in the twilight glooms distant and dark and brown.

One by one, their duty done, the planes come back from the fight;
One by one, like homing birds, back through the darkening night,
And, twinkling against the fading West, goes up their guiding light.

Hour by hour the light goes up, flashing the signal far,
But the Last Pilot heeds it not. His ship has crossed the bar,
And he has found eternal peace in the light of his Heavenly Star.

BECAUSE YOU ARE DEAD

BY KATHLEEN MONTGOMERY WALLACE

Because you are dead so many words they say.
If you could hear them, how they crowd, they crowd!
'Dying for England — but you must be proud.'
And 'Greater Love'—'Honor'—'A debt to pay.'

And 'Cry, dear!' some one says: and some one 'Pray!'
What do they mean, their words that throng so loud?

This, dearest, that for us there will not be
Laughter and joy of living dwindling cold;
Ashes of words that dropped in flame first told;
Stale tenderness made foolish suddenly.
This only, heart's desire, for you and me,
We who lived love will not see love grown old.

We, who had morning-time and crest o' the wave
Will have no twilight chill after the gleam.
Nor any ebb-tide with a sluggish stream;
No, nor clutch wisdom as a thing to save.
We keep forever — and yet they call me brave! —
Untouched, unbroken, *unrebuilt*, our dream.

AS I RODE OUT FROM ROMANI

BY ELIOT CRAWZHAY WILLIAMS

As I rode out from Romani
I heard a throstle singing.
Far away in a green Welsh lane
His joyous notes were ringing
As I rode out from Romani.

As I went down to Amara
I saw a streamlet flowing
Clear on the pebbles of the West countrie
With gold and brown a-glowing,
As I went down to Amara.

As I came into Salmani
I felt the West wind lave me.
Cool and clean from Carmarthen hills
The West wind blew to save me
As I came into Salmani.

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